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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters from the Irish Highlands. 12mo. pp. 352. London 1824. J. Murray.

Nothing can be more opportune than the appearance of this volume of familiar letters. The state of Ireland, rendered so much more critical by the present extraordinary activity of the Catholics, must unavoidably be one of the first questions to be submitted to parliament. We want information on the subject, impartial and unbiassed information, neither exaggerated by the wounded feelings of the suffering parts of the community, nor studiously distorted by the interested motives of the oppressors of that unfortunate country. The object of the authors' Letters (a family party, it is given out, and if we may indulge in conjecture, proceeding, with the exception of a very few, from the pen of ladies) has been to present to view the details of domestic life, to open the door of the lowly cabin, to portray the habits and manners of its neglected inmates, and preserve the memory of facts which, although not worthy to become matters of history, are yet of intrinsic value in the delineation of national character. The writers of most of the Letters are evidently not natives of Ireland, a circumstance strongly in favour of the impartial character of their sentiments, which they express honestly and fearlessly, and apparently with no other motive than an earnest desire to benefit the country of their adoption. The book has only now been put into our hands, and we have no time to offer any criticisms upon it. The style is various, occasionally somewhat diffuse, but generally indicating a superior tone of feeling and well cultivated minds. We shall make a few quotations, which, in the first hasty perusal, appeared to us the most striking.

"The priest is often called in to perform a sort of exorcism on those whose disorders are supposed to arise from spiritual agency; and, with respect to such possession, our people entertain very wild and wonderful notions.—They have an idea of seeing what they call their 'fetch,' some aerial being or other, who appears to give them warning of their approaching death. Such an apparition, you may readily conceive, often precedes an attack of illness, of which, however, it may happily prove to have been the worst symptom. I remember hearing a story of the kind from a poor man, whose son, while working in the field, 'conceited' that he beheld some indescribable being, who called to him, and taking up a little stone, threw it at his head. The boy set off instantly, ran home without stopping, and 'took sick from that hour.' Whatever was the cause of the boy's complaint, I had the satisfaction of knowing that a simple dose of medicine had effected his cure.

"One of the most deplorable of these superstitious fancies is, their credulity with respect to the 'Gospels,' as they are called, which they wear suspended round the neck as a charm against danger and disease.

These are prepared by the priest, and sold by him at the price of two or three pence. It is considered sacrilege in the purchaser to part with them at any time; and it is moreover believed that the charm proves of no efficacy to any but the individual for whose particular benefit the priest has blessed it. One of them I have been shown as a rarity, which seldom indeed finds its way into heretical hands. I will describe, as minutely as possible, both its form and contents: it was a small cloth bag, marked on one side with the letters I. H. S., enclosing a written scrap of dirty paper, of which the following is an exact copy, orthographical errors not excepted:

"+ In the name of God Amen. When our Saviour saw the cross whereon he was To Be Crucified his body trembled and shook the Jews asked If he had the faver or the ague he said that he had neither the faver or the ague. Whosoever shall keep these words in mind or in righting shall never have the faver or ague. Be the hearers Blessed. Be the Believers Blessed. Be the name of our Lord god Amen. CV. TOOLE.

"On the other side of the paper is written the Lord's prayer in as curious a style of spelling; and after it a great number of initials, apparently all by the same hand, and probably essential to the charm. Instead of being edified, you are, I doubt not, as much grieved and disgusted with the description as I was with the actual appearance of this pious chest. Yet, may we not hope that, by exposing such in the broad daylight of reason, we lend a helping hand towards their gradual extirpation? If the dread of ridicule has already driven them into the remotest corners of the land, is it not to be hoped that better motives may, ere long, still more effectually destroy the influence of all such false and dangerous deceit?"

The 31st letter, which we insert entire, is a fair specimen of the work.

"The essential difference of character between the two nations has been brought into very amusing contrast by the English servants and labourers, who are among the latest importations to this new settlement. The Irish show none of the curious pride which might be expected from aborigines; and the English, while they call them 'the strangest people in the world,' yet add, 'they are very good-natured, though.' The natives very contentedly yield precedence to the invaders; and appear, indeed, naturally inclined to treat them with the respect due to superiors; yet, in the variety of contrivances to which a new colonist is obliged to have recourse, their own peculiar talents are often placed in the brightest light. Their quick ingenuity of character, which adapts itself to all circumstance, and finds a remedy, either bad or good, to all misfortunes, often comes in aid of the steady perseverance and plodding regularity of the Englishman. The want of proper implements, and the loss of usual comforts, short any deviation from com-

mon routine, drives the new settlers almost to despair, while the old inhabitants, nursed by want, and educated by poverty, have been accustomed from their infancy to a life of expedients; and having no idea of the neat cottages and well cultivated farms of Hampshire, can scarcely be supposed to sympathize in the distress occasioned by the loss of what to them must appear to be the luxuries rather than the necessities of life. A bad potatoe harvest brings with it a greater extent of real suffering than can easily be comprehended by the English peasant; and those who thus feel themselves continually liable to be starved, will not think much of any lesser privations. If they have turf and potatoes enough, they reckon themselves well provided for: if a few herrings, a little oatmeal, and, above all, the milk of a cow be added, they are rich, can enjoy themselves, and dance with a light heart, after their day's work is over, though they are all the while objects of pity to their more fastidious neighbours.

"The difference in the strength of an English and an Irish labourer is very remarkable, but surely not surprising. It is expected that a diet of potatoes and water should give the same physical support which an Englishman derives from wheaten bread and vegetables, with the addition of meat occasionally? Can it be expected that the Irishman, who works as hard as any one upon English food, should do as much upon the meagre diet of his own country? The probability is, that under equal disadvantages an Englishman would lose his natural strength, and gradually be brought to the level of his neighbours; and indeed we have an instance of this among our own people. A young Englishman came over, many years since, to a relation of his mother. That relation died upon his arrival, and he was left to support himself by his own industry. He was then sixteen, strong and healthy; he never rose beyond the situation of a common labourer, and has told me, that after living and working, like the rest of the peasantry, for eight or ten years, his strength at six and twenty was not equal to what it was upon his first coming over. Such, indeed, must be the natural consequence; for it cannot be doubted that the present diet of the labouring classes, in this part of Ireland, more especially where they have not the addition of oatmeal, is insufficient for the support of a hearty labourer.

"Three or four Irishmen were employed the other day in removing a huge stone, or rather a piece of rock. The noise, the talking, the hallooing, was heard, which generally takes place among them upon occasion of any unusual exertion. One of the Englishmen was passing at the time; a powerful man, upwards of six feet high. 'What's all this about?' cried he, in a blunt, almost a surly, tone. 'Where's the need of all this jabbering? If you must talk, why don't you say what can be understood?' and pushing them aside, to their great surprise, he, without any assistance, lifted the stone into the sledge,

I laughed when the story was repeated, for it reminded me of the metaphysical Frenchman, who condemned the English language as having so little connexion with the real nature of things. '*Pain, c'est tout simple; cela veut dire pain—mais ce ' bread, qu'est ce que veut dire bread?*'

"The haughty and imperative tone in which the Irish gentlemen are but too much accustomed to speak to their inferiors, has been very much resented by our English strangers. The question which has been rudely and peevishly put, they have occasionally disdained to answer, arguing, that he could be no gentleman who would speak in that manner. An Irish landlord, when he is neither canvassing for an election, nor has any particular point to carry, shows none of that courteous urbanity which is so commonly exercised towards the English poor. The ragged barefooted tenant who meets his landlord on horseback, and has a petition to offer, will run by his side, telling the tale, and directing his eye alternately to his Honour's countenance and to the ground, that he may avoid the sharp stones that lie in the road, while his Honour rides carelessly on, nor thinks of checking his horse to attend, for a few minutes, to his breathless petitioner. You may imagine how the lofty bearing of an English spirit revolts from such 'proud contumely.'

"A ray of the new light has, however, fallen upon this part of the new system, and there is a marked difference in the manners of the rising generation. The young men who have been educated in England, imbibe something of English feeling; and are inclined to cherish that spirit of independence in the tranquility which would be alike beneficial to both parties. If the peasants were raised to that rank in society which, with reference to the civilization of the upper classes, they ought to occupy, the respectability and the opulence of the landlords would naturally be increased. But I must beware of treading on a shaking bog—we can see the evils by which we are surrounded, but by what causes they have been brought upon us, or by what means they are to be remedied, is not so easily ascertained."

The wild district of Cunemara is that to which the descriptions belong; and we find it so interesting, that we shall probably return to it.

The Bond, a Dramatic Poem. By Mrs. Charles Gore. 8vo. pp. 100. Lond. 1824. J. Murray. To walk in the footsteps of Faust was a perilous attempt, especially for a lady. The metaphysical studies and abstractions of Germany have given some of its best writers a strange degree of power. The moment they pass the bounds of the natural, they become not merely supernatural, but revel in the inventions and mysticisms of a new creation, and are super-sensit in all that is wild and horrible. Mrs. Gore has not been able to reach this region. Her Demon is only a wicked Man; and her victim who has sealed compact with the foul fiend, continues to act in his other relations as if nothing more than the consciousness of some heavy crime oppressed him. Where mortal feelings are painted, however, she writes with great sweetness; and there are many parts of her poem which do honour to female taste and talent. The story is simple. Falkenstern, a dissipated youth, is thrown on the world by his father, and left for a year to struggle with every difficulty. This is probationary,

but he believes it to be real; and in the bitterness of supposing himself to be disinherited, and his fortune and beloved Helen bestowed upon his supplanting kinsman Rothberg, he sells his soul to Hell to purchase the power of revenge. He then murders Rothberg and marries Helen. A lapse of three years ensues, when his wife and child are destroyed by the Demon in consequence of the *Bond*; he is accused of their murder and of sorcery, and banished to live for ever a forlorn wanderer. Such is the outline of the plot; and the following quotations will display the various powers which the fair author has brought to adorn it.

The second scene displays—

The ramparts of Bonn, overlooking the Rhine; the Seven Mountains seen by the light of a rising moon.

Enter Falkenstern (solus.)

Calm, calm and silent! the unsparring tempest Hath pass'd into the stillness of repose! So would it pass—the tempest of my mind, Which slowly wears away my springs of life, Dare I but plunge, and sleep! Ye rolling waves, Dark with the mystery of night, arise! Arise! and overwhelm my being! Make Thee deed your own! Quench my repining soul! Resolve it to the elements! Breathe! breath!

Inheritance of ill—accursed gift— Why cling'st thou still unto thy struggling victim? There's not a fountain of unlawful knowledge So dark with fiend-spells, nor so bitterly Drugg'd with repentance, but my desperate soul Would quaff its perilous waters. Spirits once Walk'd visibly the paths of earth; but now, Demons themselves gaze on the woes of men, Unaiding, and un pitying!

Enter Meinhard, and stands beside him. Get thee hence! Why dost thou haunt my steps? Am I not free To breathe the soothing nightwind on these banks, But thou must thrust thy dark and unsought pre-Between my weary heart and loneliness? [sence] 'Tis with yon countless orbs, yon mountain tops O'er which they shine, my spirit seeks communion Not with my fellow toilers of the dust. [union, Hence!]

Meinhard. Falkenstern! [me not?] *Falkenstern.* Ha! speak—thou know'st *Meinhard.* Not she upon whose fond maternal Thy spirit dawn'd in restless infancy, [breast] Could know thee better.

Falkenstern. Till this dreary morn I never look'd upon thee.

Meinhard. Falkenstern! While yet a stripling, and unquiet thoughts, A thirst of hidden knowledge, and a ride Beyond thine earthly nature, bade thee seek The practice of forbidden arts, thy tongue Cast mockery on those things which thy men Reverence in silent awe! Thy mother, then, Whose spirit hover'd on the verge of life, Alone beheld in terror, and in grief, [ers, Thy bosom's secret doubts. With gentlest pray- With sorrowing tenderness, she strove to check Thy vain aspirations; and her dying words Were—

Falk. Peace, oh! peace, mysterious being! Yet wherefore fear that thou couldst read my heart

With the remembrance of her cherish'd voice: We were alone—and from that fearful hour None ever heard me breathe her sacred name.

Meinhard. When from her dying hand she took the ring

Which sparkles now on thine, I stood beside thee. When to the mighty ruler of the earth Her faltering prayers rose up in humble love For thee, her erring and rebellious child, I heard them perish on her icy lips Seal'd by the hand of death! Yea, [Falkenstern] When thou, too late repentant, oh too late Touch'd by the vain remorse of joy, didst fall Beside her shrouded form, and calon her

For pardon—pressing on her marble hand Thy quivering lips, beating thy frantic breast, Which mock'd the patient stillness of the dead—I heard thy self-reviling—I beheld Thy fruitless penitence; and had my nature Allow'd such weakness, might have pity'd thee. *Falk.* Now by my mother's grave (the holiest My heart avows,) I was alone—alone [oath Beside the bier! and thou who thus canst show The secrets of my solitude, art more Than mortal nature owns. Speak!

Meinhard. Thou hast said it! I am the spirit of thy destiny!

Through all thine errors, weakness, and despair, Thy guilty pride, thy feeble penitence, I have been shrouded in thy bosom thoughts—Have mark'd the vain repinings of thy spirit, Thy wrongs, thy thirst of vengeance, and the hate Which hath overwhelm'd thy proud and wounded And now I wear this frame of mortal clay [heart; To aid thee as thou seest. Falkenstern! This is thy ruling hour of fate! To-night [being: Thou mayst redeem the curse that blights thy Thy pilfer'd heritage—thy destined bride— Ali shall be thine before this hour to-morrow, So thou wilt swear—

There is spirit and poetry in this dialogue; but we would question the probability of the arguments used by Meinhard being exactly those which the Devil would employ to gain such a proselyte. To us they appear more calculated to terrify than to seduce.

Rothberg undecieves Falkenstern after he has been stabbed by him; and the expressions of the latter are fine:

Oh! Rothberg, Rothberg, if thy tale Be truth, as thy condition, and the voice Of dire repentance waking in my bosom, Attest—what—what am I? A murderer! A double damn'd and blood-stain'd wretch!

The sport, [berg, The prey of fiends, here and hereafter! Roth- Thine eyes turn dimly on me, yet with looks Of gentleness—as when we two together Walk'd through the sunshine hand in hand! I pray thee Look not so kindly on me, for my heart Swells e'en to bursting!

But the following prospect into futurity, though inappropriately put into the mouth of the Demon, is still more beautiful:

Enthusiast! gaze—yea, gaze thy fill; behold With swelling heart these glories of thy race! I tell thee, I—whose glance prospective mocks The obscuring mists of Time, that all these tow- Which to thy circumscribed vision seem [ers, Fashion'd as firmly as their rocky base; I tell thee, these pride-honour'd halls, whereon The pennons of their several tyrants flaunt In narrow self-security, shall fall Prone to the dust we tread. The wolf shall prowl Amid their fallen ramparts; round their walls, Roofless and tenantless, the bat shall flit, Sole guardian of their mouldering solitude. Where now the loud acclaim of festal cheer— Where now the sparkling wine-cup and the song Cheat the tired heart to self-oblivion—Time Shall see the vulture rear her screaming young Safe from the haunt of man.

The parting of Falkenstern from Helen, when he goes to take the command of the army, is also pathetic:

Helen. And must thou hence to-night? *Falkenstern.* E'en so, my Helen. *Helen.* Ah! no—thou'lt surely tarry till to- At my entreaty, till to-morrow night—[morrow— To-morrow noon—nay, at the dawn of morning Thou canst be gone, so thou wilt stay to-night. I have a thousand parting words to speak; A thousand quarrels—yet that's not the word— A thousand playful differences, in which To sue for pardon. Thou wilt stay to-night:— Say so—and bless me with the sound!

Falkenstern. Dear Helen,

Thou wouldst not have thy Falkenstern a lag-
in honour's cause, and at his country's call? [sings]
Helen. No! I would have thee ever foremost—
ever [thus,
Hear thy name hail'd—yet wherefore speak I
When my heart quails ev'n at the sound and sight
Of these dread preparations? Oh! my husband,
That plumed helm, which well becometh thy brow;
That mailed vesture, mantling o'er thy breast,
Thy Helen's happiest refuge,—they are hateful
Unto the eye of tenderness! My husband,
Forgive me that I hang about thee thus—
Forgive me, Falkenstern; for never more
May I entreat, or thou bestow forgiveness.

Falk. Sweet Helen! calm these fears. The
Presents no formidable show against us: [enemy
If prosperous days await us, we shall need
Small care and brief encounter to disperse
Their petty forces.

Helen. Oh! not so—not so.
'Twas but this morning we were prophesying
A long and bloody war. Thou hast but changed
The tale to fit thy purpose.

Falkenstern. Rouse thy firmness:
Embitter not the gloomy hour of parting
By such anticipations. Trust me, love,
I shall be with thee ere the golden autumn
Shines on our vintage feast.

Helen. 'Thou'lt write to me?
Falk. Surely:—but, Helen, should the chance
of war

Command my silence, let not apprehensions
Perplex thy gentle mind.

Helen. Sorrow and fear
Heed no command. My Falkenstern! I feel
That for the last dear time I hold this hand
Warm with the pulse of life; or thou or I
Shall be among the silent and the dead
When peace returns; therefore if—

Falkenstern. My beloved!
Helen. If I have ever anger'd thee—if ever
A word—a look of mine hath wounded thee,
Pardon me.

Falkenstern. Be our fond forgiveness mutual.
From these brief selections the merits of
The Bond may be appreciated. That there
are some rather long dialogues which ap-
proach to politics, though general politics it
must be owned, is, we think, a blemish; and
there are also some palpable imitations. But,
viewed as a whole, the poem is distinctly
entitled to rank among the favourable pro-
ductions of female cultivation and intellect.

*Elements of Vocal Science; being a Philoso-
phical Inquiry into some of the Principles of
Singing.* By R. Mackenzie Bacon. 12mo.
pp. 282. 1824. Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy.

THE letters which compose this volume were,
with few exceptions, published in the Quar-
terly Musical Magazine; where they ob-
tained so much attention, as to justify their
re-appearance in a collected form, instead of
being spread over the space of five years in a
periodical work. They do great credit to
Mr. Bacon's taste and judgment; and em-
brace the philosophy of a delightful art, with-
out being dry or technical. On the contrary,
they are full of personal applications, and pre-
sent a number of pleasant anecdotes which
serve at the same time to illustrate the author's
opinions, and to impart an interest to his work.

After a prefatory essay, Mr. Bacon, besides
other topics, treats of the formation of an
English School of singing; style and man-
ner; church, concert, theatre, and chamber
singing; tone, intonation, elocution, science,
the formation of the voice, ornament, and
(what is seldom met with) the intellectual
cultivation necessary to a singer. Upon all
these his remarks are acute and sensible; and
both singers and auditors will find a great
deal deserving of their consideration in almost
every one of the chapters. It is not how-

ever our intention to discuss, regularly, the
points urged in a production of such small
compass as to be accessible to all readers;—
we shall merely quote some passages, and
offer some rather digressive thoughts which
the practice of our musical school at the pre-
sent moment has suggested, and which might
perhaps have been given as critiques on pub-
lic performances, but for the opportunity of
throwing them together thus offered to us.

Mr. Bacon, in the first place, investigates
the English School: the fact is, we have no
English School. Dr. Kitchiner has recently
published the first part of a selection of the
loyal and national songs of England, which
completely proves, that though we have some
fine old music, we are destitute of any dis-
tinctive character. The principal composers
whose productions are familiar to the Eng-
lish ear are foreigners; and almost all the in-
dividuals of our native artists, who have been
or are popular, have finished their musical
education abroad. How rarely do we hear
any composition of Purcell, Croft, Blow,
Green, Boyce, or Arne: how everlastingly do
we hear the compositions of Haydn, Mozart,
Rossini, and (now) Weber! If we had a na-
tional school, we should sometimes be able to
detect it among our public entertainments.
Let us, by way of illustration, cast a look
back at the rise and progress (if that can be
called progress which has retrograded) of
oratorio in this country. Handel originally
intended these grand compositions to imitate,
if not to supersede, the concerto spirituale of
the Continent; and after composing sixty or
seventy Italian operas, with more or less suc-
cess, he determined to devote the last years
of his life to these religious subjects. When
his *Messiah** was finished, it was alone suf-
ficient for immortality: but most of our mature
readers must remember the far less distant
period when the musical festivals of Lent
were glorified (if we may say so) not only
with that sublime production, but with the
Orpheus of Purcell, the Artaxerxes of Arne,
and the Creation of Haydn.

For this species of gratification, peculiar to
a sacred season, and forming *per se* a variety
in the year of music, modern improvement
has introduced an incongruous and unassimi-
lating mixture, in which the sacred and pro-
fane, the sublime and the ludicrous, are
jumbled together in the most inconsistent
and offensive manner. We hear 'Glory to
God,' in *juxta-position* with *Il Fanatico*;
and all that can be holy and impressive in
song is rendered ridiculous by contiguity with
buffo arias and mock bravuras. We have no
objection, if the taste of the times be so per-
verted, to diversify the oratorio by graceful
and natural compositions, for even in Han-
del's day there were elegant *entractes*;† but
what we decidedly complain of is the inter-
polation of such things as those with which
Ambrogetti, Ronzi de Begnis and his wife,
and perhaps others, entertained the
audiences of Passion and Easter weeks during
late seasons.‡

* Dr. Morell, a divine, is supposed to have selected
the passages from the Scriptures, so splendidly em-
bodied in this oratorio. The *Acis and Galatea* was,
we believe, translated by Gay from the Italian, and com-
posed by Handel when at Naples. His other oratorio
poets were Dryden, Milton, Congreve, Smollet, Smart,
Aaron Hill, &c.

† Such as 'O the Pleasures of the Plains,' *Acis*
and *Galatea*; 'The Prince unable to conceal his
Pain,' *Alexandre's Feast*; 'Bacchus ever fair and
young,' &c. &c.

‡ There is (says Mr. Bacon very justly, when speak-
ing of the still less elevated style of concert,) one point
which at this time it seems particularly necessary to in-

Having fallen off in the highest style, we
have little to compensate us in the lowest,
for Mr. Bacon truly remarks—

"English music can scarcely be said to
have any comic style. The Italian Buffo, be-
sides being a comedian, is a sound musician;
he must possess considerable knowledge and
facility; we have scarcely any music of the
kind that deserves a comment. Our opera of
Tom Thumb is a ludicrous exception enough.
The most beautiful airs are adapted to the
vilest words. Hasse's famous song '*Pallido*
il sole,' which Farinelli sung every night for
ten years to Philip the Fifth of Spain, is put
into the mouth of the ghost of Gaffer Thumb."

This observation brings us to the Theatre—
the music of the Italian and English operas.
Here, says our author—

"At present, good taste is in its infancy or
its dotage, and, as must happen, the love of
the glittering and prominent parts of the
execution of singers will be preferred. The
passion for agility has been nurtured, during
late years, in an extraordinary manner, by
the greatest talents of the passing age.
Catalani (corrupting by example) and Bil-
lington and Braham were all singers of ex-
ecution, and the latter, though certainly gifted
with the most various and most power-
ful expression of any singer within remem-
brance, has nevertheless most unaccountably
lowered the effects of his performance by an
overwhelming exuberance of florid ornament.
These are the persons who have formed the
taste of the theatrical audiences of our day,
and a generation must decay at least before
their graces will be forgotten and their errors
eradicated. From their example it has prin-
cipally arisen, that the small critics who fre-
quent the play-house are the most dangerous
auditors a singer can have to encounter, and
they are dangerous too in proportion as they
are flippant and voluble. Their knowledge
lies in a confused jargon of terms, which they
employ in praise or condemnation, equally
indiscriminate. With them, gracing is the
summit of perfection. . . .

"Power, conception, and execution, (he
continues) are the capital qualities in a stage
singer. Every thing is heightened. The
colouring must be a little above our ordinary
perceptions of natural expression. The fea-
tures must be all exaggerated, like the paint-
ing of the scenes; the design and execution
are both softened by distance, and coarseness
is mellowed into effect. The place, the cha-
racter, the situations incident to the drama,
and above all, the mixed nature of the audi-
ence, appear to demand a sacrifice of the
severer dictates of sound taste, the abandon-
ment of delicate finish, and the substitution
of a declamatory vehemence, an impassioned
elocution, a dissolving tenderness and pathos,
and of attractive ornament. That singer,
however, will best accommodate the condi-
tions and the performance to each other, who
can affect the audience by the least stretch
of the liberty thus vouchsafed him; and we
are taught by the highest authorities, that his
fame will enjoy the longest existence. In
the theatre, as in other places, the only limit
is the sympathy of the audience; but the

artist upon. Nothing is so disgusting as coarseness or
familiarity. Either of these annihilate all respect, and
in nothing is a certain dignity of thought, a certain ele-
vation of manner, and a certain restraint, so indispensably
demanded as in the lighter pieces, which call forth the
play of a lively imagination, like those taken from the
Italian comic opera, now so highly in vogue. 'Non più
andrai,' 'Sei Morelli,' or 'Quel occhietto,' every in-
stant involve a danger of sinking the performer into
vulgarity and contempt"—and the performances too!

bounds of this sympathy are extended to the utmost possible latitude by circumstances that increase the sensibility while they weaken the judgment.

"I cannot for these reasons acquiesce in the allowance on the score of acting usually granted to singers, in that courtesy which exempts vocalists from the exhibition of every other requisite for the stage than the exercise of their particular talent. The effect of singing and acting are or are not mutually aiding each other throughout; * and I confess I have been so thoroughly disgusted by the coldness, indifference, and the obvious contempt of any endeavour to interest as an actor, in some of our most distinguished singers, that the song itself was naturally injured by the operation of this strong irresistible feeling. With this branch of the subject is connected motion of many kinds which stage singers must employ. It must not be forgotten by them, that they are subject to changes of position during their performance. They have not, like the church, orchestra, and chamber singer, the advantage of being at rest in their persons. They require therefore a greater command of the chest, which is only to be obtained by incessant practice. I know that Madame Mara could dance, and maintain, during the most agitated motion, a perfectly equable and uniform voicing, varying the degrees of loud and soft at pleasure; so strong also is the force of habit in the association between the attitudes in which we are accustomed to perform any particular function, that its effects should always be held in remembrance. Any awkward gesture must be therefore peculiarly disadvantageous to a stage singer; and I would again remind them, that action is by no means inconsequential to the effects of their vocal excellence, how great soever it may be."

For the Italian stage the recent visit of Rossini did nothing. His intercourse with England was unlucky for his fame, and unfortunate for our musical improvement. What circumstances led to this failure we shall not inquire; suffice it to say that we had before, in his *Tancredi* alone, a thousand times more to admire and learn from, than the *Maestro* supplied when amongst us. The melody of "Tu che accendi questo core," (and of "Tu che i miseri" also), allows room for all that expression which the soul loves in song; while both arias are finely relieved by brilliancy and point. Again, the *Perche turbar* is mellifluous to a degree; and the whole scene between *Tancredi* and *Amenaide*, "O quel scegliesti," surpassingly beautiful and characteristic. *Sacchini* composed nothing superior. But, as we have said, the talents of *Rossini* have not in the slightest particular tended to improve the state of music in England; and we now see him thrown into oblivion by a newer rage. The *Freischütz* is the only music at present known in the metropolis, the only music heard at the theatres, sung by wandering minstrels, and played by waits and barrel-organs. We never pause to engrave Italian delicacy of expression upon German grandeur and loftiness—the polish and refinement of the former upon the elementary

* "Sir, (said an eminent conductor to me,) it is a great advantage for a singer to be able to throw his legs and arms into a note."

† "In low life it is so common and so ridiculous, that it must have met every one's notice. I remember to have seen a poor shepherd, who could not continue to give evidence in a court of justice, because the Judge insisted upon his removing his hands from the situation in which he had been accustomed to place them while he was in reflection."

strength of the latter; and both upon British feeling. No, it is sufficient for us that we have a *fasition*; no matter what or whence, genuine or spoilt by home-made alterations. Touching the last, and applying it to this very *Freischütz*, a Correspondent has favoured us with some, perhaps severe, but able remarks:

"Those (he observes) who are unacquainted with the manner in which music is treated in this country, are naturally surprised to find so great an apparent admiration for the art combined with so little discernment in the selection of our musical recreations. Our native composers interpolate and disfigure without remorse. Our operas want unity and continuity, because they are to be cut down to the narrow compass of our musical talent; they are to be suited to the whims and tastes of composers, arrangers, and performers. The stories are mostly borrowed; they are therefore to be translated, and of course disfigured, to adapt them to the prevailing taste for melodramatic or scenic effect. Some parts of the original music are omitted, or placed where they were never intended to be placed by the composer; songs suited to one character, are put into the mouth of another; at every step there is a hiatus, which produces a sudden, unnatural, and unmusical break in the performance. With regard to the strength of talent available for operatic performance in England, we have half a dozen first rate singers, with scarcely as many tolerable second rates; and our chorusses are almost beneath contempt. This strength or weakness (which ever you are disposed to call it) which, if taken together, would be scarcely powerful enough to give a fair representation of any one of the great works of the later musical age, is divided between the two great theatres. If to this we add an orchestra made up much like the vocal department, and consisting of a few good artists clumsily seconded by aspirants and beginners, we have a fair estimate of the whole operatic establishment of our winter theatres.

"With powers so inadequate they have lately undertaken to give to the public the most difficult, chromatic and intricate opera which has hitherto proceeded from the German school. Yet with us, this admirable and classical work scarcely rises to the level of an ordinary melo-drama fitted out with a kind of unintelligible, indistinct, and discordant music, the drift of which you in vain endeavour to catch amid the rude and jarring efforts of orchestra, singers, and chorusses. In one or two instances the performance at Covent Garden is good. The overture is too great an undertaking, but it is intelligible; the chorusses are respectably filled, and voices and orchestra are not engaged in open warfare as at the other house. Yet it is evident there is still a little ill blood between them, which after so long an intercourse as that which has already subsisted, is not likely to be eradicated. The want of musical intelligence in the public alone protects these performances from condemnation. It almost makes one tremble to ask—What would Weber say to our mode of testifying our respect for his talents? How would he feel, if condemned to listen to the performance of his opera in England! I question much whether a single wind or stringed instrument would escape the supernatural thirst for vengeance which would possess his soul. But Sir, it suits us very well. We are very humble musicians; and if we can be amused with clumsy mi-

ckick, what have we to do with taste? Why need we attend to criticism?"

Why, indeed? But why, on the other hand, should not we criticise? Othello's occupation is worth perseverance; and we yet hope to see better times, and hear better music.

Mr. Bacon's book is likely to be useful in promoting the latter consummation: but where did he fall in with the word "judgementally," p. 220? not in any English Dictionary, we are sure. As notes, which we could not readily incorporate with our text, we beg leave to add the following:

"It must however be understood, that whenever the art is spoken of with a view to the public exercise of talent, a given quantity of ability from nature is pre-supposed, since it would be absurd for a person of confined voice to think of pursuing singing as a profession. The instances of young people who are misled by the partiality of friends to the attempt are numberless, and often exceedingly ridiculous. I remember the late Dr. A. having been engaged in a correspondence with a lady in Ireland, who wished to be ushered into the musical world under his protection, and, according to her letter, Madame Mara could not be expected to surpass her;—she could sing every thing. The lady accordingly came to England; but, upon hearing her sing, the Doctor, with his accustomed honesty, exclaimed, 'Madam, you must go back to Ireland; for, by G—, unless you and I were shut up in a band-box together, I could not hear you.'

"About the same time a person who had lavished an enormous sum in Italy upon the musical education of his wife, brought her to Dr. A. for lessons. The Doctor very candidly told him that the lady had no ear; she sung too sharp, and that nothing could be done. This was a severe stroke upon one who aspired to become the *Prima Donna* at the Opera. The Doctor's opinion was, however, verified by the public judgment; for I saw her advertised afterwards at Sadler's Wells or the Circus, in the ensuing winter. - - -

"Marchesi is said to have devoted three entire years to equalising and perfecting two notes of his voice. - - -

"It was long a favourite notion of mine, that the best way to begin the instruction of a singer would be to teach him to tune an instrument, or perhaps to play on the violin, while the first rudiments of singing were going on. This idea was confirmed by the fact, that Madame Mara was originally taught the violin. In a conversation which I held lately with that lady, she fully confirmed my opinion, by assuring me that had she a daughter, she should learn the fiddle before she sung a note. For, said Madame M. how can you best convey a just notion of slight variations in the pitch of a note? By a fixed instrument? No. By the voice? No. But by sliding the finger upon the string, you instantly make the most minute variation visibly as well as audibly perceptible. - - -

"It is a very extraordinary fact, that an individual will catch in a moment, from hearing a thing done, that which he never, by the force of his own genius, could have been able to attain. This truth very curiously applies to mimicry. I have known several persons who would never have conceived themselves capable of imitating Kemble, Kean, and other actors, arrive at a very fair copy, by hearing such a man as Taylor or Mathews imitate them. - - -

"A singer ought never to be satisfied, for I have never heard accomplishment so perfect that it might not have been carried further. Catalani could have taught Mara much—Mara could perhaps have taught Catalani more—and if we could have restrained Braham's imagination, or given Vaughan Braham's fertility, or to both Harrison's tone and finish, what a singer might have been compounded!"

Bay Leaves. By T. C. Smith. A. Constable & Co., Edinburgh; Hurst & Robinson, London. 1824.

In ascending the Alps, the most adventurous traveller finds that his best chance of safety and success consists in closely following, nay, treading, if possible, in the footsteps of his guide. We are almost tempted to believe that the success of this method in one instance has induced many to try it in another; if so, for what myriads of poets has not Mont Blanc to answer. But the foot-prints on Parnassus must be traced on untrodden paths, if the aspirant would ever gain the summit. The little volume now before us shows refined taste, and contains several pretty poems, but all evidently the production of one whose inspiration is imitation. We quote the following stanzas for music:

I knew, I knew, if once I gazed
Upon that face of thine,
The wrath thy shameless falsehood raised,
Would vanish quite from mine;
And therefore, to avoid the wile,
I turn'd me from thy silken smile.
I knew, I knew, if once I thought
Upon thy glowing charms,
That I, by love's soft witchery caught,
Would sink into thy arms;
And therefore from my breast I sent
Their memory into banishment.
I then began to boldly chide
Thy perjury to me;
But while I spoke, I softly sigh'd,
As if I pined thee.
Well didst thou know the witching hour
To try grief's soul-persuading power.
Far softer than those melting notes
The angels love to hear;
Thy dulcet voice divinely floats
Upon my listening ear!
Words of deep sorrow, short and few,
In that sweet moment burst from you.
I thought to calmly meet thy art,
But felt its witchery glide
As swiftly on my melting heart.
As sunbeams through the tide.
Weak youth! why yield ingloriously,
To one who makes a sport of thee?

While we allow the elegance and the utility of poetry as a relaxation, we are almost inclined to question the advantage of publicity to what are but graceful trifles. However, we cannot be very critical on a little volume, left by a young author as a memento to his absent friends.

An Historical Inquiry into the principal Circumstances and Events relative to the late Emperor Napoleon, &c. By Barclay Mounteney. 8vo. pp. 539. Lond. 1824. E. Wilson. There is something bold if not wise in this publication, something reckless if not grateful, something hearty if not patriotic, and something prolix if not convincing. Barclay Mounteney is not (we have heard) an assumed title, though it would have prodigious sway in any other romance. It is even said to be the *bona fide* name of a worthy clerk in His Majesty's Office of Ordnance, who has convinced himself that Napoleon Buonaparte was nearly the most stainless character, as well as the greatest captain and most admirable monarch, that ever existed. Being of this opinion, it seems that Mr. Mounteney was displeased with certain opposite sentiments maintained by the *New Times* morning newspaper two or three years ago, (when the enlightened folks of England thought about the aforesaid Napoleon as they now do about the affairs of Spain and the

oft-repeated battles of Greece;) and, as the clerks in public offices are not over-wrought for the salaries they get, that he has had plenty of time to indite a volume of no ordinary capacity, to refute those arguments of the *New Times*, which were completely forgotten by every body but himself.

Big with so important a task, he tells us in his Preface that he had found it expedient to become "modestly impudent." The adjective is quite superfluous; but we have noticed that the style is verbose. And he further sayeth, "to defer is not always to destroy, and I now, therefore, presume to bring forward a work which, whatever it may have lost in novelty, will, I trust, be found to have gained in interest, from the power which time has afforded me of consulting the many late publications respecting Napoleon." By which sentence our readers will understand that he has had the power of transcribing all that O'Meara, Gourgaud, Montholon, Las Casas, and other adherents and apologists of Buonaparte, have written in his behalf; and upon these premises he has the modest impudence, or impudent modesty (page xi,) "without affectation to declare, that if his principles are discovered to be rotten, and his reasoning, through all its ramifications, to be false," he will have no objection to retract! Certes they must be a rational people in that same Ordnance Office, and as diffident withal;—for Mr. Mounteney goes on to state—"It only now remains for me to solicit, for my book, the indulgence of the public. I have no pretensions to authorship, and very few to scholarship; on these matters, I willingly resign the palm to others,—*Palman qui meruit ferat.*" How very unassuming to decline the honours of erudition, and yet display such a burst of learning in the concluding quotation! Was Mr. Mounteney afraid that any one would take him at his word; and really, from his bad style and verbose misconstructions, believe that he had few pretensions to authorship? Surely he could not have been so sensitive; no, no, he is most erudite, and,—*palman qui meruit ferat.* We will not allow his bashfulness to conceal his merits. How glorious a thing it is for Britain to have such men as a Wellington at the head of one of her establishments,—of this very Ordnance Office! But what is that to the strength and power which she must feel to be inherent in her, when she observes that even the clerks in that department are far superior to their renowned superior! That such a person as Mr. Mounteney, for example, can fight the battle of Waterloo over again in an infinitely more general-like way than the British Commander did,—can show how he was surprised while dancing at the Duchess of Richmond's at Brussels,* and why he was not defeated

* "Now we (says Mr. Mounteney, in his best modest impudent manner,) must beg leave here to ask, and we do it with every respect for the military knowledge of the Editor, where was the Duke of Wellington during the whole of this period?—At Bruxelles, promenading in the park. Where was the hero of the age on the evening of the 15th?—At Bruxelles,—still at Bruxelles, capering

"On the light fantastic toe" with the lovely Duchess of Richmond, whilst his mortal enemy was posted within a morning's ride of him. The French force may with justice, from its magnitude, be said to have constituted an army on the 13th; and thus full three days' operations were gained on the British. Was this in accordance with Wellington's usual foresight and prudence? had the duke no spies? if so, why had he not? if spies were employed, how follows it that he was left in ignorance? if he were not left in ignorance, how could he imagine that Napoleon had marched 120,000 of his best soldiers to the very boundary-line of his empire to gaze only on crows? if the noble duke did not tumble on this conclusion, how happens it that his

as he ought to have been. The reflection is consoling. Wellingtons, like Napoleons, must pass away; but we will venture to assure the anxious public that there will be a succession of Mounteney's as ready to put us right, as able, as unprejudiced, as great at the desk, in literature, in the field. Such heroes, it may be thought, are not to be found every day; but we beg to hint, with due submission, that we think they may always be reckoned upon; and that at any rate they will write during peace if they do not fight during war, and (after the crisis is over) instruct us at their and our leisure, if they do not

"Ride the whirlwind and direct the storm."

How fit in his own estimate the author is to fulfil all these expectations, his own peroration will show:

"We (he tells us, meaning himself,) we may conscientiously assert, that we have no malice to gratify, no enmities to indulge, no political creed to uphold, no set of men to flatter, nor, thanks to our God, any to dread. What we think right we have, disregarding every consequence, declared to be such: what we think wrong, we have as openly denounced. Whether our balance has poised a British or a French decree has been, to us, a subject of the most perfect indifference; and, provided that the truth could be reached, we have overlooked the contempt,—the scorn,—the curses, loud and deep, with which we shall probably be assailed for our conduct. He is unfit to instruct mankind, who has not sufficient probity to publish what should be known, and sufficient courage to be fearless of the result."

A critic turns with awe to the work of a champion like this. We declare that we can hardly tell whether we are most appalled by the grandiloquence or the bulk of his book. Between the two we trust our description of it will be taken with due consideration.

Mr. Mounteney is so great an admirer of Buonaparte, that the whole contents of his wordy inquiry are devoted to exalt his laudable actions, and to palliate every error and crime of which he has been accused. Indeed so resolute is he in this course, that he refuses to credit Buonaparte's own accounts of himself when they happen to militate against his hypotheses. The two chapters which may be consulted most readily in order to place his performance in its true light,—of a factious, partisan, unpatriotic, and contemptible misrepresentation of history,—are those which relate to the deaths of the Duke D'Enghien and Marshal Ney. The former is stuffed with palliatives and sophisms—"If we venture to define facts by probabilities, we can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the delinquencies imputed to the Duke D'Enghien carried with them the *semblance of truth*;" and therefore he was justly murdered—no, not murdered, nor even executed, in the tender phraseology of Mr. Mounteney—he "ceased to live." Ney, on the contrary, was foredoomed to destruction; his trial was "a mockery;"

army was not sooner in a body? The French had their scouts at Bruxelles; and on the 14th these vagabonds reported at Beaumont that all was quiet at the English and Prussian head quarters. At what game, then, were the English spies, if any, amusing themselves? were they, too, pinocheting? But secret emissaries formed not the only source whence his Grace of Wellington might have received faithful tidings. Cherleron is, by the direct road, about thirty-four miles from Bruxelles. Why, so soon as hostilities commenced, was not intelligence transmitted from this quarter to our commander? any hussar could have reached the British general by ten or eleven o'clock: but this was not done, or, if done, produced no effect."

"the French Chamber of Peers was not to be balked of its victim by any scruples of conscience;" the "subservient majority of this subservient assembly thirsted for his blood, and right or wrong was determined on having its thirst slaked in gore;" he was "judicially butchered," &c. &c.

We will not enter into any arguments with such a writer as Mr. Mounteney; but we put it to the common sense of mankind, even to those who think that Ney ought not to have been executed under the Convention, if this resembles in any degree the boasted tone of impartial history? Be it remembered that there is not one syllable but what is spent in shifts and excuses for Napoleon and his agents in the whole details of the assassination of the last brave seign of the illustrious house of Condé, to seize whom a neutral territory was violated.

Having thus exhibited the pseudo historian in his true colours, we shall only add that the chapter on the massacre of the Turks in Egypt is worthy of the foregoing. In this the intrepid author, after floundering about in all manners of ways to extricate his hero from the infamy attached to him, at length goes to the extent of refusing to believe Napoleon himself, because his account of the affair is not so favourable to him as that attempted by his encomiast. This same encomiast laments, that when in Plymouth Sound the mighty and virtuous man, "who had entertained a host of kings, was driven to chop his food upon a trencher." This is at least a new piece of news, though Buonaparte's plate-chest was taken into custody; but we have no doubt that Mr. Mounteney is quite as well informed upon this fact as upon the other statements which his modest impudence advances. In conclusion, we congratulate the country on possessing so unrivalled a general, jurist, statesman, and politician; and the Duke of Wellington in particular, on having a clerk of such astonishing talents and wonderful experience under him, to whom he can so safely look for counsel and advice on any emergencies which may arise in the Ordnance Office, or in Europe.

Seriously speaking, we will not conceal our opinion that this work is altogether so un-British as to be disgraceful to any man employed and paid by the British Government.

Journal Anecdote de Madame Campan, &c.
Paris et London.

Private Journal of Mad. Campan, comprising original Anecdotes of the French Court, with Extracts from her Correspondence, her Thoughts on Education, &c. Edited by M. Maigne. 8vo. Lond. 1824. Colburn. MADAME CAMPAN is already so well known both as a teacher and a writer, as the preceptress of Bourbons and Buonapartes, and the author of *Correspondence et Pensées*, that she requires no introductory comment from us. The account of her death-bed by M. Maigne was published the other day in Paris (see our Paris Letter in last *Gazette*), and to make this slight anecdotal work more worthy of regard, the English edition now before us has not only given various anecdotes suppressed in the Paris publication, but added the Letters to her Son and her Thoughts on Education (abridged,) which altogether form a good octavo volume. The latter is rather important, whilst the Letters are interesting, and the new anecdotes serve to complete a melange of a miscellaneous and pleasant character.

Madame Campan, in her school and among her pupils, was as great a personage as Napoleon at the head of his armies. She was Lady Oracle, and would let no dog bark without permission. She was also a petticoated philosopher and politician, but still possessed so many of the *amabilities* of her sex, and so much common sense and right feeling, that it is not possible to do more than smile at her truly French and truly unfeminine egotism, dogmata, and pedantry. Buonaparte said shrewdly enough, that if he had a female republic, he would place her at the head of it—a fine compliment to a political blue-stocking, but no great encomium for a woman. Yet talking in this way was only nonsense, for neither Buonapartes nor any one else ever contemplated the possibility of a female republic. The story of the Amazons was a rank fable, and since society was improved and enlightened, we know that even an entirely female card, tea, or scandal club, could not hold together for nine months. We shall pass this piece of verbiage, therefore, after quoting one example of Mad. Campan's twaddle in the philosophical strain to justify our remarks, and proceed to add to those more entertaining extracts which our Paris correspondent helped us to anticipate by our last *Gazette*. Previously to submitting to an operation for cancer, Madame C. (who was a Roman Catholic) fulfilled all her religious observances, and M. Maigne thus tells the rest:

"I love the simplicity of my religion, (said she;) I revere the faith in which I have been educated; but I hate all that borders on fanaticism. I quit the scene of life after having witnessed many vicissitudes; and every thing seems to forbid that France will yet be exposed to violent convulsions. Tranquillity will not be established until sentiments of justice predominate, which they must ultimately do, for truth has asserted her rights. The light so much detested, has penetrated every where. It is criminal to think on politics without having an eye to that public happiness on which private happiness depends. The governments of Europe are at present guided by ideas and prejudices which are below the level of the age; the carriage is driven along old traces, and it will not go smoothly until it reaches level ground. Power should be centred only in the law; it is misplaced any where else: it has no other resting place which sound reason can acknowledge. Those who think otherwise are blinded by the dust of old parchments. They seem to forget that ruling by ordinances is out of date. People want something more substantial; they will no longer submit to the caprice of a minister, without complaining. The time for that is gone by."

"12th.—Madame Campan passed a bad night, and was very ill during the day.

"Well, doctor, (she said, addressing herself to me,) I am going very fast, political events sometimes urge us on as rapidly."

We cite this page and a half, not for the purpose of arguing any point advanced; but simply to illustrate the state of opinion in France. Napoleon on his dying couch is not represented by those about him in a light differing at all from the finale of Mad. Campan, as described by her doctor. They were alike oracular, alike philosophical, alike convinced that the world could hardly go on as it had done or should do, because they were about to be taken from it. This is sad folly. Even the once mighty ruler of France, (and no man was ever more mighty in his day,) died without making the slightest blank in the grand process of human affairs; and the poor lady who had taught queens and princesses dropped into the grave, and was missed by no coterie within a month of that event to which she attached so much consequence. Alas! for the vanity of mankind:—"Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth:—

Imperious Caesar dead, and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: Oh! that the earth, which kept the world in awe Should parch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

Poor Mad. Campan, plaguing her mind with the cancers which affected old dynasties and old principles, instead of that disease which was hurrying her to another world, presents a sorry spectacle of the ruling passion strong in death.

But in spite of her pedagoguishness, she was a person of superior mind, and performed a very considerable part in that remarkable drama which was acted in the course of her long and various life. Those who take a concern in these matters now, will find much to attract them in the graver portions of this volume. For ourselves, caring very little for the incidents of that tragic farce upon which the curtain of peace has happily dropped; we shall try to continue our amusement with a few of the anecdotes preserved by M. Maigne.

"At the time when Mesmer made so much noise in Paris with his magnetism, M. Campan, my husband, was his partisan, like almost every person who moved in high life. To be magnetized was then a fashion; nay, it was more, it was absolutely a rage. In the drawing-rooms nothing was talked of but the brilliant discovery. There was to be no more dying; people's heads were turned, and their imaginations heated in the highest degree. To accomplish this object, it was necessary to bewilder the understanding; and Mesmer, with his singular language, produced that effect. To put a stop to the fit of public insanity was the grand difficulty; and it was proposed to have the secret purchased by the court. Mesmer fixed his claims at a very extravagant rate. However, he was offered fifty thousand crowns. By a singular chance, I was one day led into the midst of the somnambulists. Such was the enthusiasm of the numerous spectators, that in most of them I could observe a wild rolling of the eye, and a convulsed movement of the countenance. A stranger might have fancied himself amidst the unfortunate patients of Charenton. Surprised and shocked at seeing so many people almost in a state of delirium, I withdrew, full of reflections on the scene which I had just witnessed. It happened that about this time my husband was attacked with a pulmonary disorder, and he desired that he might be conveyed to Mesmer's house. Being introduced into the apartment occupied by M. Campan, I asked the worker of miracles what treatment he proposed to adopt; he very coolly replied, that to ensure a speedy and perfect cure, it would be necessary to lay, in the bed of the invalid, at his left side, one of three things, namely, a young woman of brown complexion; a black hen; or an empty bottle. "Sir, (said I,) if the choice be a matter of indifference, pray try the empty bottle."

"M. Campan's side grew worse; he experienced a difficulty of breathing, and a pain in his chest. All the magnetic remedies that

were employed produced no effect. Perceiving his failure, Mesmer took advantage of the periods of my absence to bleed and blister the patient. I was not informed of what had been done until after M. Campan's recovery. Mesmer was asked for a certificate, to prove that the patient had been cured by means of magnetism only, and he gave it. Here was a trait of enthusiasm! Truth was no longer respected. When I next presented myself to the Queen, their Majesties asked what I thought of Mesmer's discovery. I informed them of what had taken place, earnestly expressing my indignation at the conduct of the barefaced quack. It was immediately determined to have nothing more to do with him. - - -

"During the hundred days, Napoleon observed, that nobility, inflated as it is with pride and ambition, is not a very manageable commodity. 'In 1806, (said he,) the Emperor Alexander thought me too happy in having none. The nobility was a trouble of my own creating. I should have made a nobleman of every individual paying fifty francs of taxes. This would have levelled a blow at the very roots of the old nobility, and the new nobles would have been less arrogant. My plans did not answer the ends I had in view. I wished for splendour, and I got nothing but vexation, through the avarice and ambition of those whom I elevated.'

"The counts of his making, (added Madame Campan,) were worth the counting; * they were the work of a master hand." - - -

"She informed me that Madame Murat one day said to her: 'I am astonished that you are not more awed in our presence; you speak to us with as much familiarity as when we were your pupils!'—'The best thing you can do, (replied Madame Campan,) is to forget your titles, when you are with me; for I can never be afraid of queens whom I have held under the rod.'

"In the course of conversation with me, Madame Campan also made the following remarks:—'Napoleon's genius elevated him; but his temper proved his ruin. A restless, ambitious, reserved and hasty temper, united with imperial power, was naturally calculated to give offence to those who approached him. Human vanity is a delicate string, which should be touched with the greatest caution. Napoleon conceived that his vast power exempted him from the forms which engage the love of subjects, and call forth sentiments of attachment. He seemed to think that he was sufficient to himself, and the many imperfections which he observed in mankind, rendered him somewhat misanthropic. This disposition caused him to feel the ingratitude of many persons, because he mortified their vanity; and the vanity of the great, when it is once wounded, never forgives. He knew how to govern his subjects, and Europe; but he could never govern himself: so true it is, that all great men have a weak point. He was brave, generous, and magnanimous, and prized glory beyond all things; but unfortunately, he could never conquer his passions. His luminous understanding had no influence on his temper. His genius gained him admirers; but his neglect of forms made him enemies. His admirers were far from his person, and his enemies were about him. A lady of the Imperial

Court remarked, that Napoleon was a piece of patch-work, made up of parts of a great and a common man. He wished that women should attend to their family affairs, and not interfere with politics. The influence of the mistresses of Louis xv. alarmed him. He thought women might be commanded like an army. He little knew their restless, insinuating, inquisitive and persevering spirit, and the direct influence they exercise over their husbands. He did not seem to understand women; they never relinquish their privileges.'

"The abbé B*** one day told Madame Campan that, during his residence in Italy, he frequently saw in the public streets monks of various orders, mounted on chairs or planks of wood, preaching, or holding conferences. When these conferences took place in the churches, a Christ, as large as a child, whose head was made to move by means of a spring, was supported by one of the chorister boys, concealed within the pulpit. During these conferences, the priests addressed the Christ, and enquired whether he would permit or forgive such or such things; and by help of the spring, which was moved by the boy, the Christ bowed in token of assent, or shook his head by way of disapproval, just as the priest thought proper to determine.

"When M. B*** told us this, I said, 'Never repeat such a story again. I cannot conceive that the clergy would tolerate things of a nature calculated to turn into ridicule the most holy of all religions.' 'These facts,' replied the abbé, 'are well known to travellers. At Naples they make St. Januarius weep. I only relate what I saw.' - - -

"Madame Campan has many times told me that Marshal Ney, just at the moment when the battle of the Moskowa was decided, sent to request of Napoleon the whole reserve of the guard. Napoleon enquired of the aide-de-camp whether the Russian guard had yet engaged; he was told that they had, and had been beaten by the troops of the line. * In that case,' (replied he,) 'it will be a finer thing to be able to say, in the bulletin, that the battle was gained without my reserve having been brought into action.'

"Marshal Ney had made this request with a view to cut off the retreat of the Russians; and had the reserve marched forward, it is probable that nearly the whole of their army would have been made prisoners, and that a treaty might have been arranged on the field of battle. - - -

"It was a saying of Napoleon's, that if you but scratched the skin of a Russian, you would instantly discern the barbarian. - - -

"Napoleon was relating, at the Taileries, after his return from Austerlitz, that he could have made the two Emperors his prisoners in that battle:—'Why did you not bring them with you,' said a princess to him—'we could have entertained them with the carnival.' 'In sooth, (was the reply,) such prisoners are apt to create too much embarrassment.' - - -

"If,' said Napoleon, 'I created so many princes and kings, it was that I might present to the world a specimen of my power. I should have acted very differently, but for the reverses I experienced at Moscow. To have kept the English in subjection for three or four years would have sufficiently answered my views. I would have given liberty to all nations, and directed their views to elevated and noble principles. Honour should have been the basis of all. But fate thwarted my plans: this was the greatest calamity that could have befallen the nations of Europe.' - - -

"Mr. Monroe, who was the United States Ambassador in France, during the revolution, and after the fall of Robespierre, said to Madame Campan at St. Germain: 'Fortune is rolling down the kennel, and any one may stop and pick it up.'

This is a striking saying; and hardly less so the following, though we must notice the eternal strainings for effect, which is so obvious in modern France. On the morning of her death, Madame C. made her will:

"Having signed her name with some degree of difficulty, she paused, and said: 'It will be better to have a notary.' Her own notary was immediately sent for, and she explained to him with the greatest precision all that she wished to have done. The codicil was then presented to her for signature. Her hand trembled, and she said with a smile, 'It would be a pity to stop short on so pleasant a road.'

The conclusion is thus told:—

"Dissolution was fast approaching, and every reviving remedy had failed. About eleven o'clock the patient turned her head towards the window, which had been opened. The sky was clear, and the air refreshing. 'This,' (said she,) 'is the evening of a fine day, which has been darkened only by a few passing clouds. I am glad that I was induced to visit Switzerland! I there passed two months of unalloyed happiness * * *. She is so amiable, and our hearts were so perfectly in unison.

"My dear doctor, I am no longer of this world. We are about to part for ever. I should have had many affairs to settle; but heaven has been pleased to ordain otherwise.'

"I endeavoured to support Madame Campan's courage; but alas, I found that my own deserted me. She exerted all her remaining strength to talk to us, in spite of all I said to induce her to refrain from speaking. She remained silent for a few moments, and then said, 'I must express my thoughts in spite of every thing.' Her mental faculties still retained all their energy. 'I had removed to a little distance from her bedside, and she called me back in a tone of voice less gentle than usual. I hastened to her; and then reproaching herself for this little mark of obstinacy, she said, 'How imperatively one speaks when one has not time to be polite!'

"She read in our countenances that she had not long to live, in spite of the effort we made to conceal our feelings. Her breathing became more and more difficult; and, about six in the evening, she heaved her last sigh."

We have copied these very miscellaneous passages as the best which occurred to us in about 130 pages; and we have observed no order but that in which they are printed. The work is very amusing.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*A Voice from India** is a long way for a voice to be heard; but this ought to be oracular, since it proceeds from Captain Seely, of the Cave of Elora. The author sets himself to refute Messrs. Hume, Lambton, and others, on the subject of India, and particularly on the question of what is called a Free Press in that country. But its topics, however important, are not for the *Literary Gazette* to busy itself with; and we only notice this volume to indicate where such readers as are interested may find them discussed by a gentleman who has Indian experience to guide him.

* Bro. Whittaker.

* Puns are not translatable, and it is therefore proper to give the original, which is:—*Les comtes de St. Jacques, ne se croyaient pas de comtes pour rien. Il faut convenir qu'ils sont du fait d'un grand homme.*

The Modern Traveller, Brazil, Part III. is another half-crown's worth of interesting information, worthy of the Parts which have preceded it, and of the plan of this excellent publication. Three months ago we mentioned and applauded the spirit which was evinced in carrying on this design. Nothing short of receiving the encouragement it richly deserves could enable the publisher to bestow so much labour on apparently so slight a compilation, and at the same time to have it so neatly and cheaply executed. The result is, that within a very few Parts of a small sized work, we have as complete an account of a country as could be derived from the perusal of many large volumes. We cannot too strongly recommend the *Modern Traveller* as a fit and valuable present for youth at this season.

* James Duncan.

PALINGENESIA. *The World to Come* is printed by Firmin Didot, of Paris, and published in London by Martin Bossange. It is a didactic essay, designed (says the author) "to elucidate the scriptural doctrine of the world and age to come by the parallels of Scripture," a design which we confess we did not, from this description, very clearly comprehend. But it is with still greater regret we find ourselves compelled to acknowledge, that after a diligent perusal of the whole poem (300 8vo. pages,) we were not the least advanced in our understanding of the writer's drift. He is parabolical beyond all parabolists; and for obscurity, the most abstruse points of Lucretius are beams of daylight in comparison with him. He treats of a Millennium, or

- - - a regenerate estate on earth, Called RESTITUTION, fulness of the times, And recapitulation of all things, Angels, and men and ages, works and worlds!!!

This is the third world. The first was before the flood; the second is our present world; and as the *Literary Gazette* does not expect (however deserving) to be read in the next, we shall save ourselves the trouble of reviewing Palingenesia.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.—XI.

MAY 29, at a point of land called Allungnak, where the Esquimaux, who had left Igloolik, were now settled in grotesque tents formed "partly of skins, and partly of the different pieces of cloth which they had received from the ships, such as carpets, table-cloths, sheets, and bed-curtains, &c." Mr. Fisher relates that they were short of provisions, which led him to make the following new observation upon their customs. The circumstance alluded to was that of "all the men assembling together to eat their meals. In doing this they formed a ring, in the middle of which was placed the quantity of food to be eaten. From this stock one of them separated a large piece of fat, and another of lean; and on resuming his station in the ring, cut a small piece off each, and handed the remainder to his next neighbour, who in like manner taking a morsel of each kind, passed them on to the person that stood next to him, and so on all the way round. This ring was formed entirely of men, or, strictly speaking, of males, for both young and old of that sex took up their station in the circle. I asked one of them why their wives and daughters were not present to partake of the meal? To which he answered, that women were not suffered on these occasions; that they had

duck-skins to suck, which was enough for them. So much for Esquimaux gallantry!"

Here Mr. F. notices another very singular affair, which shows how destitute these people are of those ideas and feelings which are so prominent among more civilized beings. An Esquimaux who had been kept very late out hunting with one of our Officers, found, on his return, that one of his neighbours occupied his place in the marriage-bed. He appeared (says our Journalist) no way offended at this, but went very sedately and "turned in" (a sailor's phrase) to the couch of his friend's wife; so that there was a complete exchange of partners, for that night at least.

Some ineffectual attempts were now made to penetrate across the land, in order to ascertain if there was, as reported by the Esquimaux, clear water to the westward (at the back of Repulse Bay); equally abortive were endeavours to reach two whalers described to be wrecked five days' journey (perhaps about 100 miles) to the north. The natives, evidently, would not lead the way to these treasures, whence they got wood for their sledges and blubber for their bellies. A party who were sent to a lake salmon-fishing were more successful; on the 19th of July they returned with 279 fish, some of them ten pounds weight, and the whole weighing about 650 pounds. Mr. F. says, when served out, there were "five pounds to each person on board, besides a small quantity given as an extra allowance to the sick. Although not large, yet in point of taste I do not think them inferior to any that ever came out of the Tweed. At any rate, to us who have been so long without tasting such food, they are a great treat. The flesh of the larger ones is of a beautiful light red, or, as it is commonly called, salmon colour; and in every other respect, as far as I have been able to observe, these fish have all the other characteristics of the salmon, except that of being smaller. - - -

"July 30. An Officer and a man who have been away since the 21st instant, exploring the coast to the northward, returned to-day. The chief object of their discovery seems to be that of having found a considerable sized river, which discharges itself into the sea about the 70th degree of latitude, and 82½ of longitude. On the bank of this river they found a party of the Esquimaux, which left this neighbourhood nearly a month ago in order, as we then understood, to proceed to the place where the two ships were wrecked. They still said that they were going there, but seemed to be in no great haste to finish their journey, living as they then were in great affluence; for they killed plenty of seals at the mouth of the river (where it was frozen over,) and a few miles higher up caught abundance of fine salmon. - - -

"August 2. A circumstance occurred to-day which shows that the Esquimaux have some reason for being afraid of approaching the walruses in their canoes, as we observed they were when they accompanied us on the 16th of July last year, for we have had two boats stove by the walruses. A party who have been away for these ten days past killing some of these animals for dog's meat, fell in with a number of them together, which so encouraged the beasts, that the wounded ones returned the attack, and with such effect, that one of the boats would probably have been lost had not there been others near to assist it, a wounded walrus having driven its tasks fairly through its bottom. What then

would become of an Esquimaux canoe under such circumstances?"

On the 8th, after more than ten calendar months' confinement, the ships were enabled to "cast off;" and on the 9th, when in clear water, "a paper was publicly read on the quarter-deck, announcing to the Officers and ship's company that it has been resolved by the Commanders of the two vessels, that both ships should go home together; assigning as a reason for this determination, that the season is too far advanced to afford a prospect of any thing being done by one ship remaining behind, as was intended."

The provisions formerly taken from the one to the other were accordingly returned. On the 12th they finally took their departure from the island of Igloolik.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GARDENING REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

The weather is always expected to be variable and moist in November; but this year it has been more than usually boisterous and rainy. It has interrupted the winter operations of the kitchen-garden, and in some degree planting, excepting on very dry soils. Frost, however, keeps off, and perhaps December may admit of making up the time lost in the past month. Some large trees have been blown down in different parts of the country, not altogether, as the Newspapers inform us, because the wind was more powerful than any to which these trees had been exposed for years; but because these large old trees had begun to die at the roots. The roots of an old tree rot and decay at the extremities and at the core, precisely in the same way as the trunk and branches; for trees, like animals, have but a limited duration, and, like them, when their energies are exhausted, they either waste away gradually by disease, or die suddenly by accidental causes, and as often from weather as any thing.

The operations for this month are few: digging, ridging, trenching, planting deciduous trees and shrubs in open weather, and in bad weather preparing materials in the sheds and outhouses for Spring and Summer operations—as pease-sticks, props, pegs, talley-sticks, wicker-cases, and in more choice gardens, painting name-sticks and lettering them. It adds greatly to the effect of a scientific garden, such as a public botanic or horticultural garden, to see this done in a neat manner; and it is managed in few places better than in the garden of the Horticultural Society. Thus the housed plants in pots have their names written or printed with ink on white earthen-ware instruments, formed like the letter T, to insert in the pot; or like the label of a wine-decanter, to hang on the tree, or nail to the wall or trellis against which the tree is planted. The hardy fruit-trees are numbered; the numbers cast on cast-iron tallies, and the execution singularly neat. It costs a mere trifle to have one figure changed in every casting, and consequently, considering the durability of this plan, it is far cheaper in the end than painting and numbering with paint in the nursery way. While the tallies are yet hot from the mould, they are rubbed over with boiling gas liquor, which, when so applied, is one of the best preservatives from oxidation yet known. The bulbous roots in this garden are numbered by the ingenious plan invented by Mr. Seton, a distinguished horticulturist. It is as simple as the common mode by corner notches and cross sticks; and

as it is just as easy by it to cut the number 5628, or any odd high number capable of being put down with the pen, it ought to be studied and acquired by all young gardeners. It is described in the second volume of the Horticultural Transactions (p. 348-9,) and in the Encyclopædia of Gardening (p. 261,) where it is explained by several cuts.

It is customary to sow pees and beans in this month, and it may be done in very dry soils and warm situations under walls; but unless the drill hand-glass is to be used, it is as well deferred till the middle of January, in open exposed gardens.

SURVEY OF THE NORTH COAST OF SIBERIA.

Farther interesting particulars.

THE Russian Government had long had it in contemplation to make a survey of the north shores of Siberia, and M. Sarytchoff was despatched for this object; but his researches were very confined in their range. He only described a part of the coasts of Siberia, to a distance of nearly 100 versts* beyond the eastern part of the river Kolyma, and declared that a description of any thing beyond that was not possible.

About the year 1820, it was determined that another expedition to explore those regions should be sent. Messrs. Wranguel, Anjou, and Matuchkin, all three young officers, were appointed to take charge of it. They remained four years upon the station, and fully justified the confidence of the Government, fulfilling their mission with all the zeal, courage, and prudence which it was possible to employ. They succeeded in giving a description of all the north coast of Siberia, notwithstanding the numerous obstacles, the extreme severity of the climate, and the dangers to which they were exposed; for the Tchouktchis had already exterminated two detachments that had been previously sent with the same view.

M. Anjou has described the shore from the chain of mountains of Ourals, or from the river Oby as far as Kolyma; and M. Wranguel and M. Matuchkin from the Kolyma to the Cape of Tchouktch. Not satisfied with merely exploring the shore, these travellers made excursions towards the north, upon an immense extent of thick ice, as far as the place where the sea is open, which is nearly 500 versts from the coast of Behring's Straits. It was in this place, which faces the eastern part of the north coast, inhabited by the Rein-deer Tchouktchis (Oleny-Tchouktchi,) that they perceived mountains at a distance of nearly 100 versts. M. Wranguel conceived the idea of reaching them; and he had nearly succeeded, when the piece of ice on which he was placed separated from the mass, and he was tossed about for five successive days, with seven other persons, his dogs, and his equipage, till at length, after having had several narrow escapes of being swallowed up, the sheet became once again united to the mass. There exists amongst the Tchouktchis a tradition, which says, that the strait that separates them from the opposite shore, towards the north, was at one period not covered with ice; and that the inhabitants crossed the strait in baydars (a kind of barks.) They relate, that at a period not far distant (for all the inhabitants recollect it,) some Tchouktchis, to the number of seven or eight, accompanied by a woman, crossed the ice to go into the neighbourhood of these mountains, to fish for the morse, or sea-horse; and

* A verst is about 1100 yards English.

that, after a considerable time, the woman returned into the country by the islands called the Kouriles. She reported, that her companions had all been massacred by a rein-deer people, who inhabit a country with the existence of which they are acquainted. This woman was sold into a strange nation; and after having passed from hand to hand, she was conducted into the country of Prince Wallis, from which she found means of returning home. Judging by this tradition, it may be supposed that the lands which M. Wranguel wished to reach, are merely islands, a supposition which is the more probable, as it has some relation with the discoveries of Captain Parry, who is of opinion that all the countries to the north of America are formed of islands. The nations who inhabit the islands nearest to Siberia make use of rein-deer, which gives the idea that they are composed of emigrated Tchouktchis-Oleny (Rein-deer Tchouktchis,) particularly as their idioms have a great resemblance to each other. The Tchouktchis are in general tall and well-formed, with regular features; their nose is not flat, but their cheek-bones are very prominent. The travellers also saw other islands, called *New Siberia*: the road which they took to reach them is laid down in the map of the famous foot-traveller, Cochrane, where it is traced with tolerable accuracy; but the land which is there marked out, and which Sergeant Andreef pretends he saw, is, according to the testimony of these gentlemen, a fancied and chimerical region. They made wide excursions in all directions, but did not perceive any such shore. In their land journeys, they rode horses or rein-deer; but they preferred the former, as the latter are very inconvenient, owing to the practice of placing the saddle on the fore part of the *os humeri*, without fixing it by a girth. Travelling on sledges, drawn by the rein-deer, is a very convenient mode. To cross the sea, in other words the ice, they made use of a sort of carriage, called *narta*, drawn by 12 or 13 dogs. These animals were always extremely serviceable to them, as well in defending them from the black and white bears and the wolves, as by their astonishing intelligence; their instinct always guided them in the best track; and when the travellers thought they had gone astray, the dogs led them again into the right course. The sagacity of the dogs was so great, that when they happened to trace a road in the form of an angle, they made a diagonal line in returning. The travellers passed several weeks on the ice, between the sea and the land, sometimes upon enormous masses of ice, covered with thick beds of grey snow, sometimes upon small sheets, which often sank down and detached themselves from the material of congelation, so that they were carried away by the current and beaten about by the waves.

On all these occasions, the dogs rendered them innumerable services. In the places where the ice was thick and without danger, they ran rapidly upon the snow, barked, bit each other, and appeared indocile; but the moment the track became dangerous, they were gentle, cautious, and docile, walking frequently with the greatest precaution upon pieces of ice not more than half an inch thick, and seeming to advance by the order of the individual seated in the sledge. M. Wranguel and M. Matuchkin remained, at one period, 70 days upon the ice, at a distance of some hundred versts from the shore;

they were accompanied by several *nartas*, laden with provisions. They buried these provisions under the snow and the ice, and continued their way, only taking as much as was necessary for immediate consumption, returning to procure fresh supplies from those which were buried, as soon as their stock was exhausted. Whenever they had the power of doing so, they made astronomical observations; but the fogs often hindered them from doing this. These fogs are so thick that the travellers were sometimes unable to see the dogs in their sledges. Occasionally heavy avalanches of snow overthrew the tents which served as their abodes; and they had great difficulty, when the weather calmed, in clearing away the snow and getting their tents free again.

The months of November, December, and January, when the rigour of the cold became intolerable, our travellers passed in cabins or in furred tents, in which the water froze upon the floor, and the ice arose to the height of an *archine*; a mass of ice, of about three *verchoks* in thickness, served instead of glass to their windows, and sufficed for the whole winter. The maximum of heat in the middle of the summer is 10 to 15 degrees by the thermometer of Reaumur; it freezes during the night, or when the sun is on the decline. The continual whiteness of the snow produces diseases in the eyes. The inhabitants wear a vizor, formed of the bark of trees, in which are pierced, opposite the eyes, very narrow openings. The Russian officers wore a crape folded four times; at first they neglected to double it at all, which rendered them almost blind, but they cured the disease by dropping oil of tobacco into their eyes. This remedy, although efficacious, possesses the disadvantage of causing the most acute pain. Their usual food consisted of fish, and the flesh of deer and bears. The latter tended to strengthen them, but at the same time it produced violent agitations in the blood, and prevented them from sleeping. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are not acquainted with any trade; all their industry is employed in hunting and fishing, yet Russian merchants are met with who visit these countries for the purposes of trade.—Communicated by M. de Tolstoy.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 11.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes, for the ensuing year; viz.

For *Latin Verses*—"Incendium Londinense anno 1666."

For an *English Essay*—"Language, in its copiousness and structure, considered as a test of national civilization."

For a *Latin Essay*—"De Tribunicia apud Romanos potestate."

The first of the above subjects is intended for those Gentlemen of the University who have not exceeded four years from the time of their matriculation; and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize—For the best composition in English Verse, not containing either more or fewer than Fifty Lines, by any Undergraduate who has not exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation:—"The Temple of Vesta at Tivoli."

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. T. Cox, Trin. Coll. Bachelor in Medicine.—J. Wooten, Balliol Coll. with license to practise.

Masters of Arts.—R. Ellice, Esq. grand compounder; C. Parkin, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. J. Smith, St. Edmund Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Ingham Esq. grand compotunder, P. Thresher, University Coll.; R. Watts, Scholar of Lincoln Coll.; W. Irwin, G. Riggs, Scholars, D. Robinson, G. Thompson, Queen's Coll.; W. Leader, H. S. Cocks, Christ Ch.; T. S. Salmon, Brasenose Coll.; W. P. Hopton, H. F. Earle, Trin. Coll.; F. P. Hulme, St. Alban Hall; D. Twopeny, Oriel Coll.; G. B. F. Pottery, Magd. Hall; J. C. Philpot, Scholar of Worcester Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 10.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:

Honorary Master of Arts.—The Hon. W. Hervey, of Trinity Coll. son of the Earl of Bristol.

Master of Arts.—W. J. Alexander, Trin. Coll.

Bachelors in Physic.—B. G. Babington, Pembroke Hall; A. Mower, Emmanuel Coll.

MR. BOONE'S LECTURES.

ON Tuesday, Mr. BOONE gave his third Lecture upon Universal Knowledge. These Lectures are styled "Panemathia, or a New Method of Knowledge capable of universal application in Literature and the Sciences, and adapted to the most important practical purposes of both public and private life." In his introductory discourse, this gentleman dealt merely in generalities, without entering into the merits of his plan. His object was to show the errors which had crept into the existing method of Education, rather than direct our eyes to any new views upon this important subject. In his second, however, he commenced to unfold to us the leading features of his scheme; and in his last, entered into a still fuller description. His grand principle is—the Unity of Knowledge; that the different Sciences are as radii diverging from this unity, and forming a circle,—meeting, therefore, in Knowledge, as in the common point or centre. His definition of Knowledge is, Sense acting upon Matter.

He developed, at considerable length, the outlines of a Chart of Knowledge in its most extensive comprehension, and with a novel distribution of its several parts with respect to the object of knowledge, or the material and intellectual universe; the subject of Knowledge, or the human faculties; the medium of communication in knowledge, or signs adequate for every description.

The Lecturer in strong terms recommends a tabular Encyclopedia of Knowledge. Thus, by depicting on a map the Bay of Naples, the Rialto of Venice, the City of Mexico, or the South Sea Islands, and accompanying these with brief explanations in Statistics, Politics, Natural Productions, Literature, and other branches of Information, the pupil might with one glance imbibe as much instruction as is acquired by the inspection of a common geographical map.

Mr. Boone projects a new Philosophical Dictionary, or a Vocabulary containing a new language for Philosophy, in which one word should be suited to one idea, and one idea to one word; that being the only method to arrive at a precision of expression, and avoidance of those mistakes which occur in consequence of twenty significations being appended to one word. This would indeed be rendering the language of Philosophy more difficult of comprehension than the language of China. If the Congress of Sovereigns, which periodically meets for the disposition of the politics of Europe, could accomplish such a task as this, they are, we believe, the only individuals. Could it, however, be accomplished, it would be 'a consummation devoutly to be wished!' The more difficult the attainment, the fewer the emulating candidates. Once place Philosophy in so exalted a height, and farewell to empiricism—

farewell to that crowd of ignorant pretenders who loudly proclaim their own powers of mind and energies of intellect! Then indeed would the race of philosophers be as chaste and pure as the choir of Muses when dancing to the 'measures of Apollo's lyre!' But where is the Titan capable of sustaining this new fabric, 'splendent as the orient Sun!'—where the grand innovating Aristarchus, who, with the prowess of an Hercules, shall turn aside the stream of Philosophy from its present channel, to give its waters to another course, though that course lay through meads more beautiful than an eastern paradise? Mr. Boone, however, is confident of its perfect attainment; and if Mr. Boone succeed, his name will be apothecised, and his star shall in after times gladden the eye of the young votary of Science—though that star be far inferior in magnitude to the constellations of Newton, Locke, and Bacon; to whom, indeed,

*Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum;
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honore.*

The grand instances adduced by the Lecturer in support of his plan respecting the formation of a new Vocabulary, is the course so ably adopted by the naturalists, and the change so effectually introduced by the French chemists for the unintelligible jargon of the olden alchemists. He forcibly contended against and refuted the objections raised by Dr. Stuart and others, against the formation of a Chart of Philosophy; and recommended to parents an unwearied attention to the initiation of children into the mysteries of their own native tongue, previously to the acquisition of foreign languages, or tinsel refinements.

His beautiful method of blending Religion into his new theory, demands our heartfelt admiration: it is with this gentleman the Alpha and Omega—the basis and ultimate scope. How much more praiseworthy than the plans of some schemers whom we could name, where religion is banished and emulation stifled; where no punishments are held out as counter-checks to boyish delinquency, and no rewards offered for the prosecution of active industry. For the present, our limits warn us to dismiss Mr. Boone with our hearty commendations; and, wishing him in his new undertaking every possible success, we recommend to our readers an immediate attendance to his Lectures.

SOCIETY OF GEOGRAPHY OF PARIS.

Third Year.

The Society of Geography offers the following Premiums:

First Prize.—Encouragement for a journey into Africa.—A gold medal worth 3000 francs. "The Society requires a manuscript relation, with full details, respecting the ancient Cyrenaica, founded on the personal observations of the author, and accompanied by a geographical chart." The Society will receive with pleasure any information the author may be able to procure respecting the roads leading to Syvash, to Augila, to Mourzouk, and to other places in the interior. The prize will be awarded at the first general meeting of the Society in the year 1826. The relation must be delivered at the office of the Central Committee before the 1st of January 1826.

Second Prize.—A gold medal worth 1200 francs. The Society repeats its offer of a prize for the following subject: "To determine the direction of the chains of mountains of Europe, and to describe their ramifications and their successive elevations through their entire extent." The Society, being fully aware of the difficulties attending the complete solution of a question of

this nature, declares that it will award the above prize to the memoir which shall contain the most numerous and valuable facts and the newest observations. This prize will be awarded at the first general meeting in the year 1825. The memoirs must be delivered at the office of the Central Committee before 1st January 1825.

Third Prize.—A gold medal worth 1200 francs. The Society proposes the following subject: "To inquire into the origin of the different people scattered through the islands of the Pacific, situated at the south-east of the continent of Asia; examining at the same time the differences and resemblances which exist between them, and also those which exist between them and other nations with respect to their configuration and physical constitution, their manners, customs, civil and religious institutions, traditions and monuments; and comparing the elements of the languages spoken by them, as far as regards the analogy between words and their grammatical forms; also taking into consideration the means of communicating, according to geographical positions, the prevailing winds, the currents and the state of navigation." This prize will be awarded at the first general meeting in the year 1826. The memoirs must be delivered at the Office of the Central Committee before the 1st January 1826.

Fourth and fifth Prizes.—A gold medal worth 800 francs, and another worth 400 francs. The Society proposes the following subject: "A physical description of any part of the French territory, forming a natural region." The Society points out, as examples, the following regions: Les Cévennes, properly so called, les Vosges, les Corbières, le Morvan, the basin of the Adour, of the Charente, of the Cher, of the Tarn, the Delta of the Rhone, the low coast between Sables d'Olonne and Marennais; in fine, any country or district of France distinguished by any particular physical character. The physical and moral relations of man, where they give room for any new observations, should be kept in view, and connected with the description of the region. The Memoirs are to be accompanied by a chart, which is to show the trigonometrical and barometrical heights of the principal points of the mountains, and also the fall and velocity of the principal rivers; and limits of the different sorts of vegetation. These two prizes will be awarded at the first meeting of 1826. The memoirs must be left at the Office of the Central Committee before 1st January 1826.

Sixth Prize.—A gold medal worth 600 francs. Baron Benjamin Delessert, member of the Society, proposes, at his own expense, a prize for the following subject: "A statistical and commercial itinerary of the country from Paris to Havre de Grace." This subject is proposed for the second time. The Society wishes particularly for positive and concise information respecting the communication between those two cities. This prize will be awarded at the first general meeting of 1826. The memoirs must be delivered before the 1st of January 1826.

Seventh Prize.—A gold medal worth 500 francs. Count Orloff, senator of the Russian empire, and member of the Society, offers, at his own expense, a prize, for which the Committee has chosen the following subject: "To analyse the works on Geography published in the Russian language, and which have not yet been translated into French." It is desirable that the author should give the preference to the most recent statistical accounts, and those which treat of those regions that are least known; at the same time keeping in view every thing else connected with the subject, and in particular the memoirs relative to the Russian Geography of the middle age." This prize will be awarded at the first general meeting of 1826. The memoirs must be delivered before the 1st of January 1826.

All papers or letters addressed to the Society must be sent free of postage, and directed, under cover, to the President of the Central Committee, M. Jomard, Rue Turenne, No. 12, Paris.

FINE ARTS.

MRS. MUSS.

HIS MAJESTY's feeling for the fine arts—a sentiment which stands as high above patronage as patronage stands above disregard—was never more graciously displayed than on the occasion recently recorded in the *Literary Gazette*; when to the munificence of the Sovereign was added the nobler sympathy of the man, and the King was pleased to bestow fifteen hundred pounds upon the widow of the late Mr. Muss, as the price of certain of his admirable productions. It is a melancholy circumstance to have to state that this royal bounty has been lost! Among all the distressing events connected with the forgeries and bankruptcy of that miserable person who has since expiated his guilt by a shameful death upon the scaffold, we have not heard of one so truly distressing as that of his having misapplied the poor widow's support in this instance, and reduced her to want. By the secret sale of the exchequer bills which Mr. Fauntleroy was engaged to purchase for the deceased artist's family, His Majesty's benevolent intention has been entirely defeated, and they are rendered more desolate than before—more a prey to anguish, from having all their hopes of comparative comfort crushed by the unexpected blow.

In this situation, we learn with great satisfaction that, unknown to Mrs. Muss, a Subscription has been set on foot for her behalf. That it will rise to an amount sufficient to repair her misfortune, it would be a suspicion of British humanity to doubt; and we hasten to be the instruments for making the case public. We know not where the contributions are received, but the *Literary Gazette* will forward the charitable undertaking to the utmost of its power; and we earnestly call upon those who admire the example of their King, and those who love the Arts and pity the Unfortunate, to consider this appeal, and aid this affecting cause.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Sir Anthony Carlisle, after doing justice to the anatomical lectureship of the Royal Academy for eighteen years, has retired from that station to devote himself entirely to his medical practice. His successor is not yet mentioned, but it is to be hoped that some very able individual may be chosen, who to the spirit of novelty can add intellectual vigour and extensive knowledge. Such offices are apt to fall into mere routine: few men, like Sir A. Carlisle, retain their zeal and enthusiasm through a long-continued series of years; and yet, it must be acknowledged, that, with all his exertions, our school is more defective in the anatomical branch of the art than in any other.

Illustrations of Rogers' Poems; engraved by Charles Heath, from Drawings by Richard Westall, Esq. R.A. Hurst, Robinson, & Co. A pretty vignette, especially in the foliage branch of engraving, introduces us to these six subjects, designed to illustrate the Pleasures of Memory, Epistle to a Friend, and Jaqueline. In the first, the old man pointing to the tomb, and inciting three sweet boys to virtue and emulation by his record of the dead, is exceedingly touching; and the fellows at *tau* by the church aisle, in the distance, a good incident, insinuating a contrast. The second, a personification of Want clinging round Valour, is a fine conception; though the child detracts from the effect, and

the bird in the air is sadly put in. The style of the engraving is admirable. 3. The mother and truant boy asleep is a beautiful specimen of Westall; and 4, peasants and animals, is one of his sweetest compositions, to which entire justice has been done in transferring it to the copper. 5. Jaqueline leaving her home, is appropriate and well depicted. 6. The death, attempts, we think, more than could be expressed. The whole will add a new attraction to Mr. Rogers' popular poems.

STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN EUROPE.

[Concluded.]

LET us now look at our own country. What other can be compared to France with regard to the importance and the number of its productions? For it is not at Paris alone that taste manifests itself. In most of the tolerably considerable towns in our departments, museums have been opened, antiques have been collected, schools have been established. Rouen, Lisle, Lyons, Marseilles, Nantes, Grenoble, rival one another in these respects; and the arts of industry become enriched by the progress and the development of the study of the arts of design.

But it is above all at Paris that the cultivation of the arts is carried to the highest point. If in this respect we compare the present with the past, the result is astonishing. In 1765, Diderot, speaking of the Exhibition of that year, said, "I greatly deceive myself, or the French school, the only one existing, is yet far from its decline. Assemble, if you please, all the works of the painters and statuary of Europe, and you will not equal our saloon. Paris is the only city in the world in which we can, every other year, enjoy such a spectacle."

But of what was the Exhibition of 1765, one of the finest of that epoch, composed? Of 233 pieces of all kinds; paintings, engravings, statues, &c. In this number there might be eight or ten large pictures; the rest were easel pictures, or portraits. Things are very different now. The present school, which exhibits 2180 pieces of various kinds, may well assume a superiority over the ancient school; not only on account of the number of works, but also on the ground of the difference of talent which they display.

Is it to be apprehended that our present school will allow the superiority which it has acquired to evaporate? That is the question which I am about to examine.

The revolution which David brought about in the arts of design was entire and complete. The whole French school for a long time trod in his steps. The taste for the antique even wasted itself in researches into the forms of vestments and furniture; but if the ardour which attracts us to novelty induced us to pass the line, taste speedily recalled us to what was unquestionably elegant and proper.

Unhappily, the impulse given by David was arrested by events. Necessity [here there is a blank in the *Revue*, occasioned probably by the discretion of the Editor in striking out some passage that might be politically offensive]—worth to us battles without number; and the artists who, for direct gain, relinquished heroic or historical compositions to represent charges of cavalry and manœuvres of infantry, could not return to the style which they had quitted. The public is desirous of novelty. Several painters offered new tracks, and obtained deserved success. M. Richard, of Lyons, re-

presented, in a small size, scenes borrowed from the middle ages; from that period which may be called the chivalric time of our history. The name of anecdotal pictures was given to them; they became the fashion; and M. Richard had imitators. Messrs. Bergeret, Coupin, and Revoil, gave to this description of painting a kind of historical importance; and M. Coupin carried into it the character of severity and grandeur which he had imbibed in the school of M. Girodet.

Presently, M. de Forbin exhibited pictures in which the interest of the site added to the charms of the execution. Thence, pictures of interviews; the principal merit of which consists of effects of light; more or less powerful. At the head of this class are Messrs. Granet, Bouton, Daguerre, &c.

But while the mass of artists, despairing of establishing themselves in the line occupied by the great masters, sought new means of attracting public attention, David himself changed his course. He abandoned the beautiful to approach to more positive nature; and those who immediately followed him equally compelled themselves to represent their model with truth.

This was calculated to lead, and actually did lead some young people, solicitous to make themselves remarkable at whatever price, to abandon every kind of idealty, even of beauty, and to seek for vivacity of colour, energy of expression, and dramatic character without elevation or dignity. There are some works of this kind in the present exhibition.

On the other hand, the young painters who are at Rome (I do not speak of the pupils, but of those who, having completed their term of study, continue to reside there) have drawn from the manners of the banditti, who are the scourge and terror of the country, subjects for pictures which form a distinct class. Desirous of appearing by our side, some English and Germans have sent several very remarkable works; which appear to me to possess the greater interest because they are of a character different from ours; and which it seems to me that it will be useful to meditate on and investigate.

Such are the auspices under which the saloon has been opened. To say, as some critics have said, that our school is declining, is an error. It is divided; one part of it changes its direction; that is the fact. But every where I perceive talent and skill; and if justice requires that I point these out where they exist; so does the interest of the art demand that I reprehend their abuse.

Before examining any work in particular, I shall enter into some details to show the number of productions in each branch of the arts of which the exhibition is composed, distinguishing those which are the result of previous encouragement.

Of the 2180 articles in the catalogue, there are 1761 paintings, 165 works in sculpture, 140 engravings, 97 lithographic works, and 17 architectural designs or plates. Among this number there are doubtless many which are the free production of the artists by whom they have been created; but the number bespoke (and they are the most important) is equally considerable; and conveys a just idea of the protection afforded to the arts in France.—The pictures, statues, bas-reliefs, and historical busts executed by order of various public authorities and institutions, amount to 128; viz. 43 for the administration of the King's Household, 89 for the administration of the Interior, 84 for the

City of Paris, 9 for Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans, and 12 for the Society of the Friends of the Arts.—I may add, that according to the marks in the catalogue alone, 182 of the exhibited pictures belong to various individuals, who either bespoke them or bought them in the painting-rooms; and if to these are added the portraits, which are always the most productive works to the artist, we shall have a tolerable idea of the vast number of pictures executed in the course of two years; whether in consequence of the love which rich individuals have for the arts, or of the solicitude of various authorities, who conceive, with reason, that the splendour which the arts and literature spread over an animated, enlightened, and refined nation, and the study, emulation, and activity which they excite, are among the chief elements of its intellectual triumphs and its true prosperity.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COUNTRY COMFORTS.

I've a house well secur'd from the easterly wind,
Where I read till I'm tir'd, and read till I'm blind;
Then I put on my hat,
With a friend go to chat,
And arrive, to my sorrow, just after he's din'd.
Resolv'd to be busy, and not to stir out,
Next morning by daylight I'm moving about;
Find the fire is not made,
And my papers mislaid— [rout.
Magazines, books, and pamphlets, all put to the
The servant's gone out, as I very well know,
To give corn to the chickens and hay to the cow.
Food or fire I have none,
'Till that business is done;
So, tho' hungry and freezing, I can't make a row.
When settl'd at last in my snug elbow chair,
I see the snow coming, but cry "I don't care!"
Then, the mails don't arrive—
"Oh, I'm buried alive!"
And a fit of blue devils completes my despair.
Then, bother'd and vex'd, to my fiddle I fly,
The soul-soothing powers of music to try—
A string has just down!—
There are none but in town!
Oh! what an unfortunate being am I!
Dec. 5th, 1824.

MUSIC.

Sweet music breath'd—from sleep I started,
And heard a light fantastic measure,
As gay, as free, as careless-hearted,
As happy childhood's laugh of pleasure.
But while I listen'd, still delighted,
Love's voice the minstrel seem'd to borrow;
But, oh! 't was passion unrequited:
His song was lost in sighs of sorrow!
When next he touch'd the trembling lyre,
No sprightly tones of joy it vaunted;
Nor did young Love his lay inspire—
Of "Home, sweet home," he fondly chanted.
Again he chang'd the strain—and mildly
A faint low hymn he rais'd to Heav'n;
Like one who had lov'd too well, too wildly,
And pray'd his fault might be forgiv'n.
Thus, when we see Joy's blossoms perish,
And Love's bright beams are quench'd for ever,
We seek a peaceful home; and cherish
Those higher hopes which leave us never.
Dec. 6th, 1824. ROSA.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Mr. Bullock, jun., who has lately completed a journey through some of the least known parts of Mexico, down to the Pacific, has sent home much valuable information on the natural productions of the country. He has also transmitted a most splendid collection

of the birds of the Turra Calliente, nearly 200 in number, many of which are quite new to the naturalist. These are added, with many others, to the interesting spectacle at the Egyptian Hall, which already begins to be thronged with juvenile Christmas visitors.

Professor Gaudin's celebrated Model of eighteen of the Swiss Cantons, which not long since excited so much interest at Geneva, is just opened at the Egyptian Hall, and is likely to be an attractive and fashionable resort for the season.

RUSSIA: THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

A CORRESPONDENT, after bestowing high commendation on Mr. Holman (whose letter we gave in our last,) from whose Travels he anticipates great gratification, favours us with the following interesting letter from Russia, which not only relates a remarkable anecdote of the Emperor, but presents a curious picture of Russian manners. The name is omitted; but the person alluded to is an Englishman, who holds a commission in the Navy, and the conversation between the lady and Alexander was carried on in English.

Oranienbaum, 1823.

My dear Father,—For many months past I have written very doleful letters, but I trust this one will make you some reparation for the uneasiness I know I have caused you. You will scarcely believe I have spoken to the Emperor myself in regard to our melancholy situation, and, I bless God, I have every thing to expect from him. I will give you word for word what passed at our meeting, and how we met. Last Friday is a day which is always kept here in commemoration of the palace church, which is dedicated to the saint of this day. The imperial family being at Peterhoff, came here on this day to dinner; I was apprised of it, and thought it was the only resource left on earth, as a mitigation of the sentence, to apply personally to his Majesty; but the difficulty lay in the great concourse of people who would be present out of curiosity to see him, and I knew, were there many persons present, I should not have courage to speak. However, with the advice of a friend, I thought to meet him on the road, a little way out of the gates, would be the best. I therefore, without a moment's hesitation, dressed myself and children, and went; and I only prayed he would not pass with the rest of the imperial family, as in this case I thought it would be improper to stop him; and I bless God my prayers were heard, for he was alone, the rest coming after him about half an hour. I stopped his drojeka, and what passed was exactly in these words: "I beg your imperial Majesty will be pleased to listen to a few words I have to say." "Certainly," replied his Majesty. "But whom have I the pleasure of speaking to?" "To the wife of —, who has served your Majesty forty years faithfully, but within these six months has come under the law, and the sentence which is passed on him, without your mercy, will be the utter ruin of me and the four children now before you, besides two sons I have in your Majesty's service." "What is your husband's name?" "—, your Majesty, and he has served you forty years, which is no short time in a man's life, and if you disgrace him we are all ruined; pray take it into consideration, and have mercy!" Drawing off his glove, he said, "Come, give me your hand, I will have mercy." "I only ask for mercy, and will you give it him?" "There is my hand again,

and this is my voucher; I will have mercy; and a third time I give it, and rely on my word." "May God Almighty return to you a thousand fold for whatever you may do for me and my family." He then bowed and said, "Write to me." "I will, but will the letter come safe into your hands?" "Direct it coming from the wife of —, and that it is to be delivered into my hand, and I am sure to have it." He then bowed, and said, "May God be with you," and drove off. Accordingly I wrote much in the same terms for his gracious kindness. Do you not think I have done great things? — — —

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Friday we visited this Theatre and found every thing at "sixes and sevens." The performance was *The School for Scandal*; but Mr. Elliston, who was cast for Charles, had been seized with a sudden illness; Mr. Wallack, therefore, who was to have performed Joseph, had undertaken the part of Charles, and Mr. Archer, who looked as if he had just come from behind a counter, had assumed the character of the smooth-tongued and sentimental Joseph. All this was bad enough; but as a sort of winding-up, Mr. Downe, from the York Theatre, had chosen to appear as Sir Peter Teazle; a part for which he was as much fitted as he would have been for Coriolanus or King John. To the most indifferent observer, it was evident from the first that he had greatly overrated himself, and was quite unequal to the task: so dull indeed did he at last become, "so weary, flat, stale and unprofitable," that in the fifth act he received a gentle hint that he was not approved of; and this produced a speech, in which he talked of want of rehearsals and a bad cold, and a great desire to please, and expressed a wish that the audience would suspend their opinion of him till a future opportunity. This of course quieted those who were dissatisfied, and the murder of one of the finest Comedies in the language was finally perpetrated in solemn silence.

After this unfortunate business, a new Musical Farce was produced, called *My Uncle Gabriel*. The plot and incidents of this trifle are so like the plots and incidents of half a dozen other trifles that are familiar to the Stage, that any thing like a regular account of it would be quite unnecessary. It is sufficient to observe that Gabriel Omnium is an old stock-broker, who has a niece with a fortune of 20,000*l.*, and he very wisely resolves that no man shall marry her unless he can lay down the like sum, or produce his consent to the marriage in his own hand-writing. A Lieutenant Sutton is the lady's lover, but, wanting sufficient ballast, the old gentleman is obdurate, until the sailor's friend, Jack Ready, by the help of various disguises and the assistance of one Tacit and his wife, gets possession of the uncle's sign-manual, and the parties are then forgiven and made happy. This Farce, which is from the pen of Mr. Parry the composer, is chiefly remarkable for the antiquity of its jokes, its want of character, and its general insipidity. Harley, as Jack Ready, had the principal weight of it upon his shoulders, and most ably did he sustain the burthen. He frisked and curvetted about with his huge load, and wriggled and danced, and laughed and sang, until he got the audience into perfect good humour, and for his sake much was forgiven. Knight also as the talkative innkeeper, Mrs. Orger as his

less talkative wife, Terry as the credulous uncle, and Miss Povey as the valuable niece, tried to be as amusing as the author would permit them; whilst Horn, as a lieutenant in the navy, very properly and very consistently sang a *hunting* song; and Bedford, as the son of the old miser, always came on with a bottle in his hand, that he might chant a toast or sing a drinking song. There was some pretty music scattered about the piece, but it was as harmless of any thing like originality as any other part of the performance.

On Saturday *The Cabinet* was acted, when Mr. Sapio appeared for the first time as Prince Orlando, and was received in a very flattering manner. The 'Beautiful Maid' was delightfully given, and called for a second time: the Polacca likewise was much approved of, but his friends, in spite of the general wish of the House, were injudicious enough to insist upon its being sung three times: his 'Fair Ellen' was too much loaded with ornament. He is, however, rapidly improving, and upon each occasion acquires an additional portion of confidence and ease. Miss Stephens was very fascinating, and more than ordinarily lively and animated in Floretta, and Harley's Whimsical was as extravagant and whimsical as ever. Mr. Downe again presented himself to our notice in Peter; but we saw no reason to alter our opinion of him. He is a poor common-place actor, as dry as "the remainder biscuit after a long voyage," and quite unfit for any thing beyond a fourth or fifth rate character. The rest of the parts were not very adequately filled, nor were they very properly dressed. A little more attention to costume at this House would be very acceptable.

COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKESPEARE'S *As You Like It*, arranged according to the prevailing fashion, has been revived at this Theatre; but as we have very recently noticed a similar mutilation of this Comedy, and expressed, at some length, our indignation at these ridiculous alterations, we shall pass over this part of the subject, and merely give a short account of the way in which it is at present acted. Rosalind, a character of no little difficulty, is now necessarily assigned to Miss Tree; but taking her representation of it as a whole, we cannot congratulate her very warmly upon her performance. Her first scene with Orlando, it is true, is very graceful, and very neatly, and indeed in some places very exquisitely, touched; but this is the only scene to which we can give an unqualified approval. The remainder is too light and flimsy, and too much deficient in spirit and in humour: the songs of course are excepted, as in this particular department she is inimitable. Miss Hammersley's Celia is hardly above mediocrity. Her utterance as a speaker is indistinct, and her style as a singer is neither interesting nor agreeable. Of Mr. C. Kemble's Orlando little need be said: it has always been considered, and very justly, as one of the most accomplished representations of the modern stage: it still retains all the freshness of youth, and is uniformly excellent throughout. Mr. Young's Jaques wants a little more refinement. He seems to forget that Jaques, though an odd compound of melancholy and humour, was nevertheless a high-bred gentleman, a great traveller, and the friend and companion of a prince. The "seven ages," however, were very ably and very effectively

pourtrayed. Fawcett's Touchstone, Blanchard's William, and Mrs. Gibbs' Audrey, are all good of their kind. Mr. Chapman's Adam is too juvenile. In our recollection, there has been but one actor who could make any thing of this little part, and that was the late Mr. Murray. Mr. Pearman was the Amiens; but he does not sing Arne's music half so well as his predecessor, Mr. Duruset; we hope, therefore, to see the latter gentleman reinstated. Some of the scenery and almost all the dresses are new. The costume is, we know not exactly why, of the period of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Sinclair resumed his station at this Theatre on Wednesday, to the delight of all the lovers of song.

POLITICS.

A DREADFUL inundation has destroyed much of St. Petersburg, and drowned thousands of the inhabitants.—Mr. Canning has gone to Paris.—Farther accounts from S. America seem to confirm the successes of Bolivar.

VARIETIES.

Anecdote of Marie Antoinette.—Among the many interesting little stories of the unfortunate Queen of France, the following is not the least touching. Having been informed that Garnier, the French historian, was in penury, she employed the Abbé Guyot to carry him some relief, and accompanied her instructions with these words:—"I desire that you will not tell him from whom this assistance comes: historians are unable to keep secrets."

Anecdotes of the present Dauphin.—The Dauphin has from his infancy shown himself to be good, modest, studious. The admirable remark that he made, when a boy, to Suffren, when the latter was presented to him at Versailles, on his return from the Eastern seas, is not yet forgotten. The Duke d'Angoulême had at the time a volume of Plutarch in his hand: "I was reading the history of a hero," exclaimed the young Prince, embracing Suffren; "I now see one." Henry the Fourth, when a child, could not have said a better thing.

When the Sovereigns of Europe, whose thrones were all menaced with destruction, combined against the oppressor of nations, and Buonaparte fell, the Duke d'Angoulême was at Bordeaux, that loyal city, which had opened its gates to him on the 12th of March. "God be praised!" cried the Prince, "there will be no further effusion of French blood." A great number of the inhabitants of Bordeaux solicited the honour of being presented to him. It had been thought necessary to place at the head of the list the persons most qualified by their titles and birth. "Let the list be re-modelled in alphabetical order," said his Royal Highness; "since the 12th of March, every body is noble at Bordeaux."

When his Royal Highness repaired to the South, by order of the King, in consequence of the disturbances which took place at the end of the year 1815, the following were the noble expressions which he addressed to the president of the consistory of the reformed church at Nismes: "No doubt prejudices have been instilled into your mind against me. You have probably been told that I do not love you. Certainly I am a good Catholic; but I can never forget that the most illustrious of my ancestors was a Protestant."

The Phoenix.—A work on the Phoenix has lately been published at Paris, from the pen of M. Métral. The author has enriched it with a number of materials extracted from both ancient and modern writers. He has levied contributions on above sixty authors: among whom are, of the Greeks, Herodotus, Lucian, Plutarch, and Strabo; of the Romans—Ausonius, Claudian, Lactantius, Pliny, Ovid, and Tacitus; of the Italians—Dante and Tasso; of the French—Boulanger, Larcher, Mionnet, and Champollion. A scientific writer of great reputation, M. Marozz, proposed to himself to consider the phoenix in an astronomical point of view. M. Métral regards and considers it purely as a literary question. To him it appears, that in the history of the Phoenix is to be found that of Egypt, and he devotes ten chapters of his work to prove the truth of this discovery, which has for its basis the allegorical genius of the East.

A German Hoax.—A pilgrimage used to be annually made at * * * on the Rhine, to return thanks and make offerings for deliverance from a plague of mice with which the neighbourhood had been overrun. Upon one of these occasions, a wag played off a trick upon the inhabitants: as the procession approached the town, he went about and reported that each pilgrim carried a mouse in his hand. Numbers flocked to behold this singular spectacle, when they soon found that they had been the dupes of a punning hoax. In German, the part of the hand inside the thumb is called the *mouse*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In a forward state, a supplemental volume to Pope's Correspondence, from original manuscripts.

A new translation of Bishop Jewell's Apology for the Church of England, with his Life by the Rev. Stephen Isaacson, A.B. of Christ Coll. Cambridge, is in the press: *Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish Philosopher*, including the Correspondence between him and Lavater on the Christian Religion, is announced for next month.

Mr. Hugh Campbell has prepared for the press *The Rival Queens, or the Case of Elizabeth Queen of England and of Mary Queen of Scots*; legally and historically stated: with a true Picture of the Queen of England's Amours and Private Life.

Lord Byron.—Madame Belloc's "Lord Byron" is talked of by the Parisian critics as "a work recommended by entirely new views of his Lordship's character and works, by many curious facts, by several pieces hitherto unpublished," &c. The fact is, that the book possesses so little novelty, that the publication of it in this country has been dropped after its announcement.

Frederick Schlegel's works have been published at Vienna, complete in fifteen octavo volumes.

A Romance, entitled "L'illustre Portugais, ou les Amans Conspirateurs," has appeared in Paris, as a translation from the Spanish; and the production of the late ex-Emperor of Mexico, Iturbide. This, we presume, is a mere device to attract notice; but the book is spoken of as a short and not uninteresting Spanish story, about the middle of the 17th century.

Piracies of French Books.—In consequence of the number of piracies of French works which are constantly taking place at Brussels, and which are very destructive to the legitimate trade, several French booksellers have proposed to Messrs. Firmin Didot to establish a printing-office at Brussels, to print in concert with them the books which are their property, in order to prevent the introduction of counterfeits. The Parisians seem to forget how unconsciously they pirate English works.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Journal Anecdotique de Madame Campan, 8vo. 12s.—Scott's Winter Tales, royal 18mo. 9s.—The Writer's Clerk, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.—The Hermit in Italy, 3 vols. 12mo. 12s.—Dibdin's Comic Tales, 8cap 8vo. 7s.—The Modern Athens, post 8vo. 9s.—Watts' Remarkable Events, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Smith's Art of Drawing, 8vo. 12s.—Maxwell's Beauties of Ancient History, 8vo. 8s.—The Edinburgh Review, No. 81, 6s.—Cole's Bibliographical Tour from Scarborough to the Library of a Philobiblist, 8vo. 8s.; large paper, 12s.—Halkett's Notes on the North American Indians, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Noble on the Pienary Inspiration of the Scriptures, 8vo. 13s.—Pitman's Course of Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—More's Spirit of Prayer, 8cap 8vo. 6s.—Holderness' Manual of Devotion, 12mo. 4s.

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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 9	from 33 to 44	29.67 to 29.54
Friday..... 10 29 — 35	29.78 — 29.60
Saturday..... 11 25 — 46	30.00 — 30.05
Sunday..... 12 34 — 48	30.10 — 30.30
Monday..... 13 41 — 49	30.30 — 30.35
Tuesday..... 14 39 — 47	30.35 — 30.25
Wednesday..... 15 42 — 50	30.00 — 29.80

Prevailing wind SW. Alternately clear and cloudy, with rain at times.—Rain fallen .35 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Fitzgibbon requires improving: he shapes well. **W. E.** is very pretty, but not quite the thing. In acknowledging **H. B.**'s letter, we have at the same time to acknowledge the employment of his paper on the Education of Children in our Review of Dr. Duglison last week. The accidental omission of a note was the cause of this not appearing on the face of the Review; and we rejoice to learn that so competent a writer as **H. B.** is likely to publish a series of Essays on a subject so interesting.

R. F. J., we have no doubt, a very intelligent person; but he is fonder of writing long letters than we are of reading them. We hope this confession will put an end to our correspondence; in which case we shall not be bored, and he will have more time to learn what it is to be a Bon-vivant among his vivants.

J. S. H.'s "Maid of the Stream" must, we regret to say, go down—but not to posterity in the *Lit. Gazette*. We cannot answer **W.** in the *Lit. Gaz.*; suffice it to say, that the niceties of composition (so essential to very short poems) are not sufficiently obvious. We take this opportunity of stating to **W.**, to **E.**, and to many other Correspondents, that with every disposition to advise and aid young writers (to the utmost of our humble abilities), it is quite impossible for us to attend to the calls of this kind which we daily receive. It may, indeed, be only a few lines in the *Gazette*, or a short critical letter on each occasion which the individual expects; but were we to put the whole together, fully one-fourth of our time must be occupied, as in reality too much of it is, with these requests.

The Editor does not condemn **R—L**, though he does not print his communication.

As we insert our annual Index next week, we have done as much as possible for our advertising friends in this Number. These of necessity postponed, shall of course have precedence in the new year.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—To-morrow, the 14th inst., a New Journal, under the Title and of the ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, will be published, by EDWARD DIXON POUCHER, at No. 7, Bridge-street, Covent-garden. To be had of every New-vender, price 7d.

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